

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIV

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1932

No. 3471

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	29
EDITORIALS:	
A Great Editor.....	31
An Open Letter to Samuel Seabury.....	32
War in India.....	33
Capital-Gains Tax.....	33
Grass by the Yard.....	34
SPEAKING OF REVOLUTION..... By Hendrik Willem van Loon..	35
IF I WERE A (CONSTITUTIONAL) DICTATOR. By Morris L. Ernst.....	36
KEEPING THE ALIEN IN HIS PLACE. By George Horne.....	40
THEY ARE NOT ALWAYS LYNCHED. By Paul Blanshard.....	42
NICE STORY. By Paul Sifton.....	44
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	46
CORRESPONDENCE.....	46
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE.....	48
FINANCE: SHALL WE "DEFLATE"? By S. Palmer Harman.....	48
BOOKS AND DRAMA:	
I Taught the Angel. By Hal Saunders White.....	49
Japanese Imperialism. By Mauritz A. Hallgren.....	49
False Start. By Granville Hicks.....	50
The Greatest French Poet. By Cuthbert Wright.....	51
Forty Farmers. By Mark Van Doren.....	52
Sargent's Blue Boy. By Horace Gregory.....	52
Science and Soviet Russia. By Jerome Rosenthal.....	53
Books in Brief.....	54
Drama: Westchester and Washington. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	54

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

DEVERE ALLEN

DRAMATIC EDITOR

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

LITERARY EDITOR

HENRY HAZLITT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HEYWOOD BROWN FRED A. KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN
LEWIS S. GANNETT H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN
JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS ARTHUR WARNER

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$6.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

MORE THAN SIX MILLION Americans were wholly without employment last January, according to an estimate announced in March by Secretary of Commerce Lamont. We have no quarrel with this estimate. It seemed to us at the time to be as accurate as could be hoped for considering our lack of machinery for gathering truly reliable employment statistics. But we do not understand why this estimate is widely held to be true of conditions today. The American Federation of Labor, the American Legion, Senator La Follette, and numerous other private and public authorities continue to estimate the number of unemployed at somewhere between six and seven million. They may be correct in their assumption, but statistics pertaining to industrial activity suggest that they are not. The New York *Times* general business index fell from 79.4 on December 20, 1930, to 63.1 on December 19, 1931. The steel-production index dropped in the same period from 51.7 to 32.4; automobile production from 98.3 to 39.8; and weekly freight-car loadings declined from 713,865 to 581,733. Each of these indicators, as well as numerous others, points very clearly to a sharp reduction in industrial activity in the past twelve months. It may be barely possible that out of the goodness of their hearts, or for some other reason, employers of labor have kept their workers on the pay rolls although there has been no work for them to do. But our guess, sup-

ported by numerous authentic reports, is that the reduction of working forces continued apace throughout 1931. It is likely, if the above indices can be accepted as dependable, that the total number of unemployed today exceeds ten million.

JUST AS THE DISARMAMENT COMMISSION, strengthened by the appointment of Norman H. Davis, Undersecretary of State under President Wilson, is about to meet, the public is informed that it will not go to Geneva with any idea of taking the lead at the outset and presenting definite proposals. If that program is adhered to, we shall undoubtedly fall far short of the role we should play. No other nation is in so strategic a position; no other nation could achieve so much if the will to succeed were drilled into its delegates and they were themselves determined to achieve that disarmament upon which to a considerable degree rests the fate of the world during the next decade. We shall hope for the best until the end, because failure will be a world disaster; but when we read an utterance like this from Senator Swanson, one of the delegates, we must be pardoned for extreme discouragement: "When the war is concluded, this nation will be rich beyond the wildest dreams of avarice. If we have naval strength we shall be able to hold our wealth, power, and prestige. If we are weak in this respect the day of our despoilment will inevitably come." This was said during the World War; but Senator Swanson has repeatedly voiced big-navy sentiments since then. How is it possible to expect wisdom from one who looked upon the carnage in Europe and believed that the exhausted nations would at its close turn to rend the richest and most powerful? Meanwhile, we note increasing signs of public desire for real results in Geneva. It was perhaps merely a gesture that a committee of the Student Volunteer Movement representing a convention in Buffalo of six hundred universities made in asking the President to appoint a student on the commission. But if abstract justice is to be considered, those who are to be butchered in the next war ought to have some voice in preventing it.

WE LIKE ex-Senator Joseph I. France's pluck. Several months ago he boldly announced his candidacy for the Presidency. Unlike most of those Republicans who hold Hoover unfit, he did not propose to confine his rebellion to growling about the President in his club. So he has not only entered the Maryland primary but the North Dakota primary as well, and by the latter move so frightened Mr. Hoover's friends that they are proceeding at once to form a committee which shall see to it that no State is lost by default, that the President is run in all States in which there are to be Presidential primaries. People may laugh if they please at Mr. France, but he is doing a real service in reminding the country that it was intended that any citizen might enter the Presidential lists without being compelled to ask any party's permission. We are also glad to see that Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick has come out against Mr. Hoover's renomination. The more persons who speak out against this form of Republican

suicide, the more will follow suit. It would not take much courage on the part of a few well-known men to make Mr. Hoover see the utter folly of a fresh candidacy, especially if Mr. Borah, too, should decide to run.

FOUR WASHINGTON DISPATCHES in the same edition of one newspaper show with what clarity the economic situation is being studied in the national capital. President Hoover, according to the dispatch most prominently displayed, believes that what we primarily need is "courage and confidence in the principles and institutions which this country exemplifies." With them "we can do much to promote economic recovery." Secretary of Commerce Lamont feels that it is not so much a lack of courage on our part that is holding back prosperity. He blames Europe, and although he sees "natural upbuilding forces . . . beginning to take hold" in this country, he warns us against "possible additional shocks from Europe." Getting down to more substantial facts, Secretary of Agriculture Hyde reports that the American farm income in 1931 was \$6,920,000,000 as compared with \$9,347,000,000 in 1930, and \$11,911,000,000 in 1929. But officials of four federal land banks, taking Mr. Hoover's counsel of courage at its face value, appear before a Senate subcommittee and argue that a moratorium on farm mortgages "would hurt the farmer more than it would help him." The farmer apparently should have courage enough to get along on his depleted income without help from the government agencies which have been set up for that very purpose. But the Senate subcommittee has none the less voted to approve the bill permitting postponement of mortgage instalment payments on the ground that this measure "is a part of President Hoover's reconstruction program."

THE REACTIONARY American Federation of Labor at last has had to give way before the inevitable. Despite its long and bitter opposition to the "dole," the federation is now formally on record as favoring federal appropriations for unemployment relief. Its legislative representative testified before the Senate subcommittee of which Robert M. La Follette is chairman that the workers "are entitled not to a 'dole,' but to maintenance on the part of the government." Thus William Green, Matthew Woll, and other labor leaders have been forced to swallow their recent heated denunciations of direct relief for the jobless. The federation was, of course, in an untenable position. Its opposition to direct relief and to unemployment insurance, as registered at the Vancouver convention and upon numerous other occasions, played directly into the hands of the progressive labor leaders and the Communists. These latter groups, by supporting the plea for direct relief, were finding ever-wider audiences among the rank and file of the federation's members, at least 30 per cent of whom are out of work. No doubt it was in an attempt to reestablish themselves with these discontented elements in their own unions that the autocratic leaders of the Federation of Labor suddenly approved direct government relief for the jobless.

THE REIGN OF TERROR in Harlan County, Kentucky, has been subjected to a searching investigation by two lawyers commissioned for that purpose by the Governor of the State. Their report was recently completed.

If there is still doubt as to the motives behind this official terrorism, it should be quickly dispelled by the report. The authorities were not primarily or even chiefly interested in driving out a few radicals who had gone into Kentucky to agitate among the miners, which is what County Judge D. C. Jones and others would have us believe. The testimony of innumerable witnesses, set down in the nine volumes of the report, shows unmistakably that the unlawful and vicious tactics of the authorities were intended to break the spontaneous rebellion of the miners against long-continued starvation wages and virtually impossible working conditions. Apparently every brutal device known to police officials was used—and so far as is known is still being used—to cow the workers into complete submission. Miners have been whipped, beaten, and otherwise tortured, the report proves. They have been arrested without warrants, taken to jail, and there put through the third degree. Others have not even been arrested, but have been taken into the hills by gangs of officers and company guards, and there have had justice of the Harlan County brand dealt them. Personal liberties have been almost entirely ignored, the rights of free speech and free assemblage completely suppressed. When these measures have not sufficed, the workers have been indicted on charges of murder or criminal syndicalism.

SO MANY ACTS of repression are described in the report that it is difficult to select outstanding examples for comment. However, the case of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Appleman cannot be ignored. The Applemans, who are not mining people, had been saving their money to buy a new automobile. But so distressing were the conditions of the miners' families living all about them that they decided instead to spend their money on food for the workers and their children. They posted notices saying that on a certain date they would give away a carload of flour at the Evarts railroad station. Appleman was promptly indicted on a charge of criminal syndicalism. Mrs. Appleman went to the prosecuting attorney for an explanation. He told her that he had nothing against the Applemans personally, but the Black Mountain Coal Corporation did not like her husband. Thinking the matter over, he added: "You gave away flour. You are feeding the children. We don't like that." This clearly suggests that the mine operators and authorities have deliberately included starvation among their coercive weapons. But what the outcome of this investigation will be is not so clear. The investigators were appointed by Governor Flem Sampson. He has since been succeeded in office by Ruby Laffoon, to whom he turned over the report. Governor Laffoon has shown not the slightest disposition to act upon it—although fresh reports of disturbances and official terrorism are coming up from Harlan County.

THE TREMENDOUS anti-prohibition vote in Finland is being variously interpreted in this country. To the wets the result of the Finnish referendum has naturally given much joy. They feel that they have been reinforced in their propaganda campaign against the Eighteenth Amendment. The dries, clearly placed on the defensive, have sought to interpret the defeat of prohibition in Finland as being the result of "pressure from international organizations that sell liquor." It is probably true that the wine-growing countries of Europe tried by various means to influence the

outcome of the referendum. But, viewed objectively, it seems highly unlikely that 75 per cent of the Finnish voters would have succumbed to this foreign wet propaganda if they had sincerely wanted to retain prohibition. Even the most ardent foes of prohibition were surprised by the size of the wet vote. Most surprising is the fact that the rural districts rolled up anti-prohibition majorities hardly less imposing than the majorities recorded in the towns and cities. Obviously, except as our wets will be encouraged to redouble their efforts to abolish our own prohibitory laws, the Finnish referendum can have no effect upon this country. Indeed, we fear that the dries will be more determined than ever to prevent a similar referendum in the United States.

THE LATE RICHARD V. OULAHAN, chief of the Washington Bureau of the *New York Times*, and for some time the dean of the whole corps of Washington correspondents, was eminently fitted to represent the *Times* at the seat of government. A man of great personal charm, of distinguished presence, who was at home in any assembly he was *persona grata* everywhere. In the course of his long newspaper career he reported a number of international conferences and all the important political happenings at home. He was especially fitted to work for the *Times* because he was entirely in accord with that newspaper's policy of never antagonizing those high in office, of standing in with the powers that be, and of attacking a personality only when the whole pack was baying after him, as, for instance, Senator La Follette for his opposition to the war. His own professional philosophy was that practically all reporting of governmental activities is "interpretative." As he said last April, "Interpretation does not necessarily imply reflection of one's own opinion. It is much more important, as it is more honest, to tell one's readers what is likely to happen than to insist upon one's own particular, individualistic view of what one wishes to happen." With this philosophy by no means all of his colleagues would agree, but they were delighted to honor him and to turn to him for guidance.

TWO OUTSTANDING CONTRIBUTIONS to medicine and healing were announced at the annual meeting in New Orleans of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. One was the discovery that the nervous system expands by means of outgrowths from a single cell in the central nervous system. This observation was made by Dr. Carl Caskey Speidel of the University of Virginia Medical School, and as a result of his research, which seems to disprove the earlier theory of the formation of nerve cells by an expanding chain, Dr. Speidel received a prize of \$1,000 for a "notable contribution to science." To the layman, the announcement that Dr. Frederick Eberson, of the University of California Medical School, has succeeded in isolating the germ of infantile paralysis will seem an event to be hailed the world over. Candid physicians admit that they are almost entirely in the dark in the treatment of poliomyelitis; what causes the affliction they cannot say, although they recognize its manifestations; how the germ is transmitted is equally doubtful. If the organism can now be perceived and studied, progress will surely be made not only in treatment but in prevention. As it is, the worst feature of the disease today is the mystery which surrounds it.

A Great Editor

IT is a tragic fact that the death of C. P. Scott, the greatest Liberal editor in the history of English daily journalism, has occurred when the Liberal Party as he knew it and so long supported it in the *Manchester Guardian* is at the point of extinction. From 1872 until 1929 he conducted that great newspaper and made it the world's greatest daily, greatest certainly in the development of liberal and well-informed public opinion, both at home and abroad. During those years Mr. Scott witnessed and championed the rise of William E. Gladstone, of Campbell-Bannerman, and of the reforming Lloyd George in the early days when he opposed the Boer War at the risk of his life, and supported land and tax reforms. Like him, the *Manchester Guardian* refused to approve the action of the government throughout the entire Boer War, declining to subscribe to the doctrine that it should uphold its country right or wrong. Faced with an imperialist and "patriotic" boycott that threatened its very existence, it came out of the struggle stronger than ever.

As is usually the case, such courage and fidelity to principle as C. P. Scott showed found recognition not only outside the ranks of his own party, but far beyond the boundaries of his own country. When Mr. Scott reached his jubilee as editor of the paper which he personally raised from a second-rank provincial daily to the front rank of the most influential papers in the world, the Conservative Lord Derby was happy to preside at the banquet given to honor him. It is true, of course, that the *Guardian* has not rejoiced in huge circulation. That is entirely to its credit; Mr. Scott would long ago have abandoned his pen had he been obliged to gain public favor by catering to the appetite for sensationalism, scandal, and the news of crime. Quite naturally such a man drew to himself as assistant editors or contributors the finest minds in journalism and letters, such men as Sir Arthur Evans, W. T. Arnold, C. E. Montague, John A. Hobson, and the late Professor L. T. Hobhouse, to name a few. But even more important than that was Mr. Scott's own ability to grow, and to adjust himself to the new political and economic conditions of life, while never abandoning the yardstick of the principles to which he was so unswervingly devoted. Steeped in the glorious Cobden and Bright school of *laissez faire* economics, he was at a great age able to realize that government action in developing and safeguarding personal, political, and economic liberty was essential to a degree that would have seemed heresy in the seventies.

If there was one blemish upon his editorship, it was that he allowed himself to be misled at the outbreak of the World War into supporting that struggle. But that did not prevent him from keeping his head when others were blinded by passion, prejudice, and the falsehoods of war. He lived to behold the practical disappearance of the Liberal Party in Parliament, in part as a result of its compromise with that war, and to see a Conservative victory without parallel in the political annals of his country. But we are bold enough to believe that until his last hour his courage was unbroken, his faith undimmed in the beliefs he championed so magnificently and for so long.

An Open Letter to Samuel Seabury

DEAR MR. SEABURY: For months past you have been ably conducting the inquiry into the courts and the government of the City of New York authorized by the Legislature of the State on March 23, 1931. This investigation has attracted attention far beyond the limits of the city; for municipal developments in the metropolis are watched the country over. What you have thus far brought out has surprised no one familiar with what is happening in New York. It has, moreover, confirmed the opinions of those who have insisted throughout all the talk of the "New Tammany," for which the rise of Alfred E. Smith was largely responsible, that there was no change in that organization whatever, save that the graft of today is far larger and more easily obtained than in the days before our recent prosperity and before prohibition. Then the chief sources of revenue were the prostitute, the gambler, and the saloon-keeper, along with the campaign contributions of business men who wished to stand well with those in power. The latter are still ready to pay heavy fees to get what they desire; witness the case of the North German Lloyd, which, it appears, greased some willing hands with \$50,000 in order to obtain a pier that it should have had, and it was to the interest of the city that it have. Tammany today, as throughout its history, exists because the great business interests with their church-going and highly respectable presidents, vice-presidents, and general managers wish it to continue and refuse to come together to smash it.

How the office-holders have grown rich you, Mr. Seabury, have clearly brought out. The sheriff, Thomas M. Farley, banked \$360,660.34 in six and one-quarter years, during which time his salary ranged from \$6,500 to \$15,000 a year. James A. McQuade, Registrar and a Democratic leader of Brooklyn, deposited between 1925 and 1931 \$547,254.03, of which \$349,196.60 went into the banks in cash. The chief clerk of the city court banked \$135,061.50 in the same period; his best explanation was: "I probably won some bets." The city clerk "saved" \$143,758; an assistant deputy sheriff deposited \$20,000 in four months on a salary of \$2,700; an under-sheriff, who is also president of the Tammany club in the Fourteenth Assembly District, deposited \$662,311.11 in six and three-quarter years—pickings that make the similar sums revealed in the Lexow and other official inquests of previous decades seem small indeed. For the rest the picture has been the old one of sales of favors, of the buying of political influence, of the calling off of the police when they were unwise enough to raid clubs, or lawless friends, of the ruling powers, of their enrichment through the speakeasies, and so forth. You have even shown that the Mayor shared a safe-deposit box with one Russell T. Sherwood, who, though subpoenaed, has refused to appear as a witness and has been fined \$50,000 for his recalcitrance.

Now, have all your revelations stirred the citizens of New York to mutiny and rage? Obviously not. At the last election they elected the Tammany candidates with overwhelming majorities. They have not risen to demand that these get-rich-quick office-holders resign their jobs and leave

town. We recall only one mass-meeting to demand that the Mayor prefer charges against these men or remove them; none that he produce his missing partner in that safe-deposit box and himself voluntarily explain that partnership. The Mayor has persistently acted as if in no wise affected, and if you, Mr. Seabury, had not forwarded recommendations to the Governor for the removal of the sheriff, not one step would have been taken toward the purging of the list of office-holders, and the voters would not have protested. The reason for this apathy is partly that you have failed to impress the public because your greatest sensations have been succeeded by weeks of less interesting matter, because the investigation itself has of necessity run into months, because you have as yet shown nothing that the public did not know to exist in general though without detail, and because no one has as yet been convicted, with the exception of certain of the magistrates. No stamp of criminality has as yet been placed upon any of the big men in Tammany Hall. In a city in which some of the biggest rackets in the world are going on untouched by justice, the public is less interested in the punishment of men who are merely following higher examples.

What, then, is to be the net outcome of your investigation? Obviously, if it is only going to result in a few convictions and the bringing out of more of the same kind of testimony, it will not advance the cause of good government a whit. But the charter granted to the Hofstadter Committee of which you are counsel went farther than the mere authorization of an inquiry. The legislature specifically voted that the committee might review any matter "relevant to the general question of ascertaining and *improving* the administration, conditions, and conduct" of government and courts as the committee might desire. Now, mere revelations will not lead to any permanent improvement, unless there are presented to the legislature and to the people suggestions for governmental reorganization and reforms. Are you, Mr. Seabury, thinking of these further and permanent aims in the midst of your extremely tedious and difficult task of unearthing official misconduct? If not, you are merely wasting time. If, on the other hand, you, with the aid of the innumerable volunteers who will come to your assistance the moment you express the wish, will plan for the future, you will have served not only your city and your State but the whole country. As long as Tammany remains in charge of New York the entire system of city government in America is disgraced. Shall we work toward a city-manager system? Shall we ask the legislature for a complete reorganization of the government and a decrease of the elective officers to two or three? Can we as a result of your labors point to some weakness in our machinery which enables rascals in office to profit at the expense of the taxpayers? These and a multitude of other questions suggest themselves. Upon how you answer them, and whether you will undertake to answer them at all, depends entirely the outcome of your inquiry, whether it is to be merely a passing bit of fireworks or something of lasting value to your fellow-citizens.

THE EDITORS OF THE NATION

War in India

WAR is on in India. The harassed and despairing world is now to be the scene of another bitter and, we fear, bloody struggle which can have only one outcome—the end of British control in India. With Mahatma Gandhi in jail, Nehru sentenced to two years of hard labor, and more drastic measures of repression daily being applied, the British government is trying in 1932 to rule by force and violence an unwilling people. The issues are substantially the same as in the previous clashes; but this time Gandhi enters upon his campaign morally strengthened. No one now can say, as many said during the last crusade of civil disobedience, that the Indian leader has shown unwillingness to discuss controversial matters, for he sat through weary weeks at the Second Round Table Conference, steadily more convinced that British promises of autonomy were meaningless and would not be carried out except under conditions so guarded as to nullify them. The final break came over the refusal of the Viceroy, the Earl of Willingdon, to discuss with Gandhi the stern enactments recently instituted in Bengal, the United Provinces, and on the northwestern frontier. These measures, ostensibly set in action to prevent assassination or lesser crimes of violence, were so extreme that every vestige of freedom could be denied to Indians and every kind of Nationalist assertion ruthlessly put down.

It is clear as crystal that after the demise of the Labor Government, which left an unenviable record on India, the National Government intended to resort, if "necessary," to the sternest expedients in order to quell the expected uprising following the fiasco at London. Gandhi points out, with justice, that the pact he consummated with Lord Irwin, the previous Viceroy, tacitly permitted the continuance of civil disobedience and the boycott during negotiations. But no such mood is now discernible among the British leaders, even that erstwhile champion of Indian self-government, Prime Minister MacDonald. The absolute outlawry of the Indian National Congress, the barring of Nationalist literature and messages from the mails and wires, the confiscation of property and contributions to the cause of *swaraj* are threatened and doubtless will soon be in actual operation. Well may Gandhi predict a reign of terror. During the civil disobedience of a year ago the innumerable annoyances by the Indian crusaders brought ferocious floggings, torture, even at times the actual caging of demonstrators.

It seems to us that Gandhi, whose inconsistencies have been more than a few, has maintained throughout the present conflict a straight and unassailable position. During his first public address on arriving in London he said: "The Congress wants *freedom*"—and his voice underscored the word. Continuing, he declared: "The Congress has chosen as the method of winning this freedom, *truth* and *non-violence*. If the dumb millions are to win freedom, it can be secured by these means and none other." His frequent hesitations, his kindness to the English when in England, his patient willingness to wait as long as any hope of a genuine settlement remained were not recessions but were all in keeping with his way of life. There is a damning contrast between this frail but mighty rebel and the Empire

that he challenges. The official pomposity of a Willingdon fades into insignificance beside the nobility of the man who, smiling into the faces of those sent to carry him away to prison, declares in transparent sincerity: "We are prepared to sacrifice all. We shall forget families and friends, we shall sacrifice our property, we shall bear the utmost privation and greatest oppression, including *lathi* and machine-gun. But we shall bear no hatred toward the British." In this spirit and by this sign will India conquer.

Capital-Gains Tax

NO taxation problem now before Congress is likely to prove quite as difficult to solve satisfactorily as that of the tax on capital gains. Democratic Congressmen are being rapidly won over to the view that the provisions of the revenue law applying to capital gains and losses ought to be abolished entirely, and that the abolition should apply to taxes on 1931 incomes. The removal of these provisions, certainly, is essential if any substantial revenue is to be derived from the individual income tax next March. If they remain in force, the deficit that the federal government will confront at the end of the present fiscal year will be far greater than the official Treasury estimates. For with the unparalleled collapse in all security values in the last two years, there are few wealthy men indeed who will not be able to show capital losses for either the year or the two-year period that more than cancel their year's income from interest and dividends, and in many cases even from salaries. This is equivalent to saying that from the standpoint of revenues to be received next March it is much less important whether the maximum individual income-tax rates are raised to 40, 50, or 60 per cent than whether the capital-gain-and-loss provisions are repealed.

It may be regarded as extremely unfair that individuals who were taxed heavily on their gains in 1927, 1928, and 1929 should not be permitted to make corresponding deductions for their losses in 1931, particularly when so many of them have already sold their securities for that purpose. The only reply that could be made to such a view—aside from that concerning the pressing need for revenues—is that if the capital-gains provisions of the law are unsound and ought in any case to be repealed, then the government is certainly as much entitled to repeal them in a year when it stands to gain heavily by doing so as in a year when it stands to lose by doing so.

But if Congress now repeals the capital-gain-and-loss provisions, it should be prepared to accept the full consequences of its action. There can be no defense whatever of a cat-and-mouse policy of repealing these provisions in every year in which the government stands to gain by repeal and restoring them whenever the government stands to gain by restoring them. If Congress refuses to allow deduction for losses, then no principle of equity or ability to pay can justify it in taxing capital gains. And the receipts from the capital-gains tax in the past have been rather high. In 1929 the income tax on net gains of individuals amounted to \$285,000,000, or 28 per cent of the total income-tax receipts of \$1,002,000,000; and Professor Seligman estimates that when account is taken of capital gains not separately

entered for the sake of a lower tax rate, the receipts from the capital-gains tax amounted to at least a third of those from the entire individual income tax.

These large revenues do not in themselves mean that it is inadvisable now to repeal the capital-gains provisions. It is quite possible that in the long run the gains and losses of the government through these provisions would tend to balance each other. That at least appears to be the theory of practically every European government with an income tax. The British income-tax law ignores capital gains and losses, though the government offsets this to some extent by its high inheritance taxes, which enable it to receive the benefits of accretions to capital over a lifetime. Probably the best solution at present would be some compromise between our own policy up to now and the British policy. Our present law is itself the result of a compromise. Originally all capital gains were taxed as ordinary income. When this was seen often to work inequitably, the existing provisions were adopted, which impose a maximum tax of 12½ per cent on capital gains made in a period of more than two years and allow a maximum deduction of 12½ per cent for capital losses incurred in a similar period, while capital gains or losses for a shorter period are added to or deducted from ordinary income. A year ago Albert H. Wiggin made the interesting suggestion that capital gains be taxed a maximum rate of 7½ per cent, disregarding the time between purchase and sale, and that offsets for capital losses be applied only against capital gains. Such a plan would certainly be free from one of the most serious objections to the present capital-gains provisions—that they increase the violence of the long-run swings of the stock market through the reluctance of wealthy individuals to sell and record profits in a rising market and through the anxiety of these same individuals to sell and record losses in a falling market.

Grass by the Yard

THE astonished residents of Queens Borough in New York City woke up the other morning and discovered that on the sides of one of the main highways, which they had been wont to see littered with bits of paper, weeds, and a spear or two of wretched dry grass, a carpet of green, smooth and clipped, lay before their eyes. Did grass grow overnight? Was modern science responsible for this miracle? Or was the Genie of the Lamp also in the pay of Tammany Hall? The answer to all these questions was a simple negative. The explanation was equally simple. The strip of verdure was not grass at all but a combination of slate and asphalt, colored green and so cunningly constructed that at a distance of a few feet it appeared to be the real thing.

The merits of the new invention are that it looks enough like grass to pass easy muster; that it requires no care—no cutting, no watering, no raking; and that the spots along the city streets which ought to be grassed but are actually mere eyesores, will shine with a new beauty. In other words, the great trouble with artificial grass is not that it is inferior to the plant itself but that it is so superior, so good. In this respect it could very well serve as a symbol for modern American life. The imitation is so much better than the

original that the original is no longer worth while. More and more we live vicariously—in the radio, the movies, the tabloids. We move mechanically—by the motor car, the subway, the innumerable substitutes for the human foot. We actually look forward to the day when a pill containing all vitamins and all proper nourishment values can be swallowed three times a day in place of eating. Why should we be horrified by the prospect of buying our grass by the square yard and cementing it down over the humble and in-offensive earth?

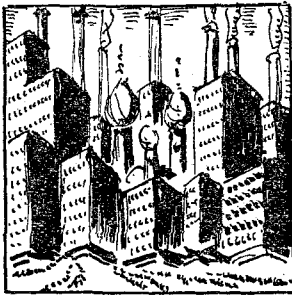
If this artificial living were carried to its logical extreme, we should have the sort of life pictured by Bernard Shaw in his "Back to Methuselah," life deprived of every necessity for bodily function. There would, however, be this important difference. Mr. Shaw's play pictures the ideal life, once the compulsions of the body are removed, as one of rapturous thought. "One moment of the ecstasy of life as I live it," says the Female Ancient to one of those beings not yet raised to the heights, "would strike you dead." But those persons who live in the newsreels and the love movie do not occupy the time thus spared from the labor of living in thought. They go to the movie because they cannot think. They fumble through the tabloids, looking hastily at the more revealing photographs, because they are incapable of sustained occupation with an idea, with facts, with simple information about the world in which they live. They must receive information by means of shocks to their nervous systems—pretty girl, bare leg, love-nest, tot murderer. They spend a certain number of hours of each day in sleep, in eating, in working at a monotonous task. When they are free of these, they live—in the life of some louder, brasher, bawdier person than themselves; or one more beautiful, more dashing, more successful. The shopgirl, buying her clothes on Fourteenth Street, watches Gloria Swanson sweeping around a richly furnished room in satin and sables, and sees not a movie actress but herself, suave, perfumed, irresistible.

This release from a drab life into romance is by no means peculiar to our age. But the mechanical manner of doing it we can perhaps claim title to, a dubious honor enough. When the peasants of France escaped from a hard life into the sublimities of the church, they went themselves and in person to take part in the miracle. Each one of them saw the bread and wine changed to the Body and Blood; each one looked at the Mother of God and knew her for queen and comforter. And their hard lot became somehow not only more bearable but in a sense glorified thereby. With their hands they made a life; with their hearts they made a heaven. Not a heaven sent them ready wrapped and guaranteed free from adulterants, not grass by the yard, but turf sown in the earth they had worked, freshened and tended not only with water but with sweat.

There is no plant more sturdy or more faithful than grass; its roots actually spread under the very ministrations of the knife. It lives more fully because it dies so often. It requires, however, to achieve complete fulfillment, air, sun, food, and water. Yet in the cities in which the majority of our population elects to live, grass cannot grow. This might perhaps be the epitaph of our civilization: Our way of life kills grass. It is not entirely discouraging that we still feel the loss of it, even to the extent of inventing an artificial substitute. Only when we refuse to be interested even in synthetic grass shall be wholly lost.

Speaking of Revolution . . .

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON



I SPENT the day looking at pictures. It is a nice way to spend a day soon after Christmas and the pictures were very interesting. They were photographs of the new Russia—smokestacks and turbines and bearded mujiks worshipping pieces of cast iron with the same reverence and awe with which a few years ago they wor-

shipped their icons of St. Nicholas and St. Michael.

It was a most imposing collection and rather startling for those of us who only knew the old Russia of squalor and genius. Then, from the pictures, I wandered to the text and read all about the plans to turn the plains from the Baltic to Kamchatka into one vast Pittsburgh—factories on this side of the Urals and factories on that side of the Urals, factories in Bokhara and factories around Lake Baikal, and all of those factories puffing and hammering and grinding and turning things out—billions of tons of millions of things—sold dirt cheap to all the world—take 'em away—order new billions of tons—we can make them—let the factories puff and hammer and produce. And then suddenly I was reminded of the words of one of our two great philosophers and I asked myself the question, "Suppose they can produce those billions of tons of millions of things, then what in Heck are they going to do with them?"

Since this is an article on Russia, a little metaphysical detour will not be out of place. According to the best of my knowledge and belief, there are only two really great philosophers in our country. One is Rube Goldberg and the other is Professor Doctor Herriman, author of the epoch-making volume "Über das kategorische Benehmen der verückten Katze-Krazy, im Lichte der allerneuesten Forschungen über die Herkunft des Ignatius Mäuschen."

Those two scholars have been able to interpret the American soul for me as no professional philosopher of the last twenty years has succeeded in doing, no matter how diligently I have ransacked their learned tomes. Yes, there is a man here in New York by the name of Cohen, and once in a while I get a glimpse of what he means. I have now given up reading the more popular philosophies—those that have entirely revolutionized thought and those that have put thought into revolution. I shall patiently wait until those books have been translated into the English language.

But to return to Russia and those lovely pictures of factories and power-houses in Magnetopolis and Steelgorod and Bicarbonas Veliki—not to forget Stalinville, which reminds one incidentally of the vainglorious and absurd custom of the ancient rulers of Russia of giving their cities such names as Petersburg or Alexandropol. Suppose they all begin to hammer and puff and grind and turn out tons and tons and still more tons and thousands of tons and millions of tons and billions of tons of goods—suppose

they are able to turn out millions and billions of tons for a million or a billion years—suppose they are, and I am not the one to claim that they are not—then what in the name of the Ten Thousand Virgins (they are now in heaven but they perished miserably crossing the Rhine. French papers please copy!) are the Comrades going to do with them?

No, I am not trying to start an argument. I would as lief discuss the true nature of the Trinity with the general of the Society of Jesus as to argue with a disciple of Lenin about a single comma in the immortal works of that member of the Marx family who married into the house of Argyle. (This little aside will flatter the pride of the Marx Brothers. One has got to be nice to one's cousins once in a while.) I will even overlook the somewhat perplexing problem of how to finance the sale of these billions of tons of articles or to provide the billions of customers with the necessary cash. But who in the name of a merciful heaven will want to buy all this truck?

That question is unavoidable in the after-Christmas season. I am a poor man and I spend a great deal of my time riding on top of a bus. Whenever the stenographers and shopgirls who are my faithful traveling companions light a fresh cigarette, and stop smoking the old one, I am given a momentary opportunity to study the contents of the shop windows. Since *The Nation*, like *Ballyhoo* and the *Congressional Record* (why don't the latter two merge? They print about the same stuff right now), carries no commercial advertisements, we can say many things which are on the reportorial black list of magazines like the *Mercury* and the *Sunny Side*, that admirably edited publication devoted to the interests of the Morticians. But contemplating the wares I saw offered for sale on my last bus trip, I felt grateful that the depression had definitely deprived my friends of the wherewithal to buy me any more Christmas presents.

And that, if you please, was on the Avenue. For fairness's sake I made a pilgrimage through the less favored sections in search of some cheap but charming Italian products which used to be for sale there before we got the quota system and the foreigners became Americanized. It was terrible. It was so terrible that Noodle refused a piece of salami, against a background of such statuary.

And now we are invited to contemplate the hour when all these Slavic mills will start to grind and flood the planet with their products. The prospect is terrible. It is too terrible for words. The lovely photographs of all those power-houses have suddenly reminded me of those incredible interiors which the old Russians used to consider the height of elegance. And now we shall see our fair planet deluged with their proletarian counterparts.

These products, of course, won't look the least little bit bourgeois. They will look like the furniture of the ancient imperial palaces or the Christmas cards of the English royal family.

By the millions and billions of tons—O Lord, have mercy upon us! By the millions of tons!

If I Were a (Constitutional) Dictator*

By MORRIS L. ERNST

THE cloak of a dictator slips easily over any pair of shoulders. Under such a garment the dictators in this series have glided off into delightful realms of fancy, into lands barren of warning lights. I shall keep within the four corners of the Constitution and obey even the mandates of the nine venerable men who sit in the United States Supreme Court as ultimate-veto dictators. No inference should be drawn from the order of presentation or the arrangement of subheadings, and it must be assumed that I am acting as President, Congress, governors, legislatures, selectmen—in fact, all duly constituted governmental servants of the people. If I were dictator, under the Constitution, therefore, I should proceed as follows:

IN PURSUIT OF JOY

1. Repeal all legislation giving the state power to censor ideas by control of mails, customs, movies, and so on, or by forbidding free discussion of obscenity, sedition, birth control, et cetera. Only a constitutional dictatorship can afford to allow free trade in thought and wait to act until the commission of an overt deed.

2. Repeal the Volstead Act and the prohibition amendment *in toto*, leaving that problem to the separate States to handle by process other than injunctive.

3. Cancel all radio licenses, paying nothing for permits because no vested right has been transferred to broadcasting companies. Then establish governmental broadcasting companies with decentralized control in order to prevent all of our culture from flowing through Manhattan.

4. See that cities and States pepper each community with adequate playgrounds and park spaces. Enact legislation so that the various government agencies may condemn less than the fee of land, that is, condemnation on lease basis. This is temporarily necessary because of previous unwise extension of borrowing capacities.

5. Open up and expand the Bureau of Standards so that it gives service directly to the public, and amend the libel laws so that freedom of criticism of commodities is as generous as the latitude allowed dramatic critics and book reviewers. This would end most of the waste of advertising.

6. Establish the public-health service on a basis of actual public service so that physical comfort would be considered a governmental activity.

7. Abolish all private hospitals, raising the necessary funds through taxation rather than through charity.

8. Organize a federal educational department but only for the purpose of distribution of information, with complete protection against the freezing into our life of any single educational concept, even my own.

9. Organize departments of arts and culture for the perpetuation and spread of those elements of life which, added to a full stomach, make it worth living.

10. Instruct the various governments to conduct or indirectly subsidize music, opera, theater, movies, and other

forms of entertainment as they now handle playgrounds and parks. I will also want bowling alleys and hurdy-gurdies to satisfy a personal weakness.

11. Direct each community to set aside attractive, convenient areas as gathering places for debates and open-air meetings held by any and all groups in the community.

12. Assure academic freedom, both in and out of the classroom, for teachers and pupils.

13. Liberalize and modify divorce laws so as to prevent chicanery and hypocrisy. We will still continue forty-eight separate divorce systems because we are not finished with experimentation on this kind of social problem. Divorce courts, however, will collate their experience so that it will be of advantage to the half-million or more spouses who split up every year.

14. Adopt accident insurance for automobile cases, along the lines of workmen's compensation insurance with fixed awards, limitation of defenses, and great relief to the courts.

15. Procure advice from the medical profession, and on its judgment legalize abortions within that period which the profession reports as medically safe. I will thus stop at once thousands of needless deaths and the present enormous practice of stealthy operations. I will relieve hundreds of thousands of women from disturbing fears. After our economic reforms are established, our birth-rate will increase—but only of wanted offspring born into adequate economic surroundings.

16. Immediately take steps to minimize many of the public nuisances, such as noise, litter, smoke, insects. Some of this will be done through the research laboratories, some through education, and the remainder through enforcement of existing laws.

17. Immediately prepare legislation for conscription of males and females for peaceful purposes such as extermination of pests, cleaning up cities, and so on. The burden of the more disagreeable but unavoidable labors of communal life will be spread among the qualified persons. I estimate that two months out of each person's life will be enough.

18. Increase all the budgets of educational departments and reduce the outrageous disproportion of teachers to pupils.

19. Immediately place all property abutting on public highways within the public domain to the extent that signboards, litter, and so on will be banned.

20. Immediately raise the age limit of children in industry to eighteen, thus spreading employment and increasing education.

IN PURSUIT OF JUSTICE

21. Provide that all laws hereafter enacted expire after ten years unless previously reenacted. Thus do we establish lawmaking as a growing process, subject to stock-taking each decade.

22. Repeal at once thousands of laws (more than 10 per cent of the New York State penal laws, for example) so

* The seventh of a series of articles on this subject. The eighth, and last, by Oswald Garrison Villard, will appear next week.

that nullification shall be diminished. We are lawless because we have too many laws.

23. Abolish all injunctions of every kind, including liquor padlock, labor union, et cetera. The use of the injunction breaks down the ordinary process of the law—to wit, the police and the criminal courts. The penal laws written into the statute books by elected officials will be the only injunctions to the people.

24. Abolish the process of contempt of court except for those obstructive acts committed in the courtroom, and even for those provide trial by jury. This includes the closing of our last remnant of a debtors' prison, the alimony jails.

25. Take away from all courts the power to impose sentences in criminal cases, leaving to the judge and jury only the determination of the fact of innocence or guilt. The imposition of the sentence will reside in boards of educators, psychiatrists, and penologists. Criminal process will no longer serve as a drain for national sadism. Capital punishment will be abolished.

26. Recognize the fact that the prison population requires our greatest expenditure of energy for rehabilitation, and provide a five-hour day for all prison officials, and salaries on a scale higher than those paid to the staff employed in the education of bond salesmen at the leading universities of the land.

27. Analyze the prison population so that the major portion will be treated as health, hospital, or educational cases. In time, our art of education, once infected with this point of view, will be expanded so that we shall recognize the curable possibilities of nearly every prison patient.

28. Establish public defenders in criminal courts and impose upon prosecutors the duty of calling all material witnesses and a prohibition against concealing testimony of innocence.

29. Reappraise the position of the American Indians so as to relieve them of the stigma of an inferior minority, continuing the subsidies previously allowed but applying these toward health and rehabilitation. Restore their full and equal civil rights.

30. Put into actual effect those civil rights which many persons thought were obtained for the Negro as a result of the Civil War, including right to serve on jury, discontinuation of segregated areas, right to vote, equal and impartial distribution of tax funds for Negro schools, and abolition of Jim Crow customs.

31. Abolish all private police and privately subsidized public protection, such as the Coal and Iron Police and private deputy sheriffs. Public peace should be paid for out of public funds without any privilege to class.

32. Put the courts, at present operating without an administrative head, on a business basis, with business administrators, either individuals or councils, in charge of the administration of this, our most defective branch of government.

33. Expedite trials, modify limitations on rules of evidence, grant judges broader powers, and maintain jury trials. Each case will be tried within six weeks instead of possibly three years as at present.

34. Immediately call constitutional conventions so as to allow the people to restate basic provisions of our Constitution, and provide for automatic constitutional conven-

tions every ten years. I will urge a reconsideration of our present wasteful theory of checks and balances.

35. Enact a lame-duck amendment to the Constitution so that we shall not be ruled by discredited representatives.

36. Force all public officials by contract to waive immunity in any investigation or criminal proceeding. The most serious of all criminal offenses shall be that of betrayal of a public trust by a public official. Severe punishment for such offenses will be necessary for a short time in order to overcome the present general corruption of government. My entire program rests on the development of honesty in officialdom, for through this program additional duties will be placed upon the state as such. No system can work with corrupt or lethargic prosecutors, as at present. On the other hand public service will be better rewarded by proper systems of promotion.

IN PURSUIT OF INTERNATIONAL GOOD-WILL

37. Compel all the activities of the State Department to be arrived at by open covenant, and by all, I mean all. There is no valid reason for a servant of the people, called a Secretary of State, ever to deceive the people by silence.

38. Join the League of Nations, the World Court, the international economic boards, and practically all international movements tending toward an international point of view. This, irrespective of whether or not we have a definite conviction that any particular program of this era will be lasting and definitive.

39. Restore the country to its former proud position as a haven for political outcasts from abroad.

40. Liberalize the immigration laws so as gradually to restore us to the position of open door. This means for Japanese, Chinese, and all other peoples. The sole basis for restriction will be the ability to assimilate by trades. After a decade we shall be able to assimilate all who want to enter because all workers then will be able to buy back the amount they produce.

41. Encourage all international cartels, because we are convinced of the dire results of competition and because we wish to save our great industries from the painful effects of "rugged individualism."

42. Adopt the policy of recognition of all countries. I am not too proud to bow to anyone. This, of course, includes Russia, which country we have only recognized at our counting-houses when gold was carried as a passport.

43. Withdraw immediately all our troops and controls from all foreign countries—Haiti, Nicaragua, the Philippines, and the like. In no case will we go into any country except on a plebiscite of the people themselves, and only if they ask for advice or assistance. We have given too many small nations an inferiority complex.

44. Immediately cancel all moneys owed to us on war debts. I will attach no conditions thereto but will merely urge other countries to do likewise.

IN PURSUIT OF OUR COMMUNAL BUDGET

45. Abolish all commodity taxes of every nature. They are not based on ability to pay, and they increase the cost of living.

46. Increase income taxes, if necessary, to the level of the highest rates established by us during the war for the purpose of killing Germans.

47. Increase inheritance-tax rates, coupling therewith a graduated gift tax in order to prevent evasion of death duties. The rates will be made commensurate with governmental budgetary needs, so that each annual budget will be made to match.

48. Create a graduated tax on labor turn-over as a partial throttle on ill-advised and still uncontrolled expansions.

49. Pass legislation to eliminate the tariff at the end of ten years and intrust the formula for gradual restoration to a free-trade basis to a commission of pronounced free traders. They will realize that our past errors of protective policy will of necessity require a gradual withdrawal of economic subsidy or support.

50. Abolish all military appropriations but retain airplane manufacture and transportation, to be conducted by the government for mail, passenger, and freight purposes.

51. Open all income-tax returns for public inspection.

52. Secure tax relief for the general community in part by removal of exemptions now granted to special interests such as churches. It costs at present \$22 per seat per sermon at any fashionable church in New York and this burden should be placed on those directly benefited rather than on the general public.

IN PURSUIT OF PEACE OF MIND

53. Establish "federal-State-city" public employment agencies, on a federal-to-State and State-to-city subsidy basis. Thus we shall insure uniformity of practices and adequate interstate movement of productive power. This is a prerequisite for all forms of worker insurance.

54. Abolish all private employment agencies, including newspaper advertising for Help and Situations Wanted, thus saving hundreds of millions of dollars, the second largest item of easily preventable waste in the land. Public employment facilities must be a monopoly like the Post Office.

55. Establish health insurance on the same basic theory as that on which workmen's accident insurance is conducted now. The social implications of a leg cut off by a machine are identical with phossy jaw, radium poisoning, or appendicitis.

56. Establish old-age insurance on the same basis—i. e., a worker to receive support as a matter of right, not as a hand-out.

57. Establish unemployment insurance and thus abolish the dole system now carried on in most cities and States through soup kitchens.

58. Abolish all war pensions, the needy recipients to be taken care of under accident, health, unemployment, or old-age allowances.

59. Reduce the work day to six hours and treat the hours of labor on a barometer basis, decreasing them as a surplus of supplies is created and increasing them in the event of an impending shortage.

60. Promptly abolish, in view of the improved working conditions, all legal or economic preferentials between men and women except as actual health conditions create immediate and clear variable factors.

61. Impose, as a temporary measure, a minimum-wage scale, but this would have a definite period of termination, possibly five years, because after that time it would be unnecessary.

IN PURSUIT OF A USABLE PLENTY

62. I will take over the telephone, telegraph, and express lines and combine their administration with the Post Office Department. This can be accomplished by purchase, at present depressed values, or by operating a competing service.

63. The government will acquire, own, and operate and will have the right to distribute all power arising from streams and rivers. The right to distribute may not be used but it is necessary in order to place the government in a bargaining position.

64. The government will encourage the elimination of slums and the development of decent housing either by direct construction, tax relief, or government financing.

65. The Patent Office will be reorganized so that all new inventions will vest in the United States as such, the government to license and to make fair compensation to the inventor and to all those who have contributed to the improvement of the device. This will be one of the many methods of controlling production and price.

66. The pooling of all the railroads will be accomplished at once, to the end that competitive waste may be eliminated.

67. As a temporary measure, all of the real estate and farms repossessed by banks, insurance companies, and other lenders will be pooled so as to provide economic cheap management and the proper further treatment of these assets. Farm reorganization will be initiated through the back-door method of existing mortgage controls.

68. Out of the farm holdings repossessed or about to be repossessed by insurance companies and other lending institutions, the largest farm corporation in the history of the world will be formed for the cooperative development of the farming industry and for the abandonment of those farms which in our economic situation should no longer be worked.

69. Milk, bread, coal, and other necessities of life will be declared public utilities because they are more essential to a decent life than gas or electric light. These basic commodities will immediately come under the control of regulatory bodies.

70. I will immediately make plans for a five- and ten-year basis of public works, arranging a program of delaying public works for possible periods of depression.

71. As a temporary measure, to reduce the distress caused by our previous stupidities, I will float a five-billion-dollar bond issue for public works.

72. I will forbid the erection of any new building of any kind without a certificate of reasonable necessity from the proper city, State, or federal planning commission. We now restrict the right to the development of property by fire, health, city zoning, safety, and other laws. It is equally important to restrict on the basis of a social necessity, to prevent the waste of community wealth.

73. I will place the banks in the limited-income category along the general lines of other public utilities. This result can be obtained through Federal Reserve Board powers or through taxation.

74. I will restrict the issuance of securities sold to the public as the issuance of public-utility securities are now restricted, but the restriction will be made effective. This is essential to prevent undue overexpansion. Also the disastrous

competition of banks, lending for projects of slight social value, will be minimized through consolidation of lending facilities by trades or localities.

75. I will immediately cause every community to create city-planning boards with wide powers and clearly conceived programs, so that communities will no longer grow in Topsy fashion.

76. I will merge all non-profit-making insurance companies, savings banks, et cetera (a large proportion are mutual and so-called cooperative institutions). If there is no other way to save the present overlapping and competitive wastes in these fields, I will use the power of taxation.

77. I will limit the Sherman Law, the Clayton Act, and all other legislation which endeavors to make competition compulsory so that they will apply only to offending companies which fail to submit to complete regulation (including fixing of price and expansion policies), on the theory of railroad-rate regulation, before an enlarged Federal Trade Commission. This is what the Swope plan indicated but didn't dare say.

78. I will revamp our regulatory system. At present it operates as an inducement to waste and a penalty to thrift. The commissions should have the power to disallow unwise and unnecessary expenditures. They must be given power over holding companies, affiliates, and subsidiaries. The present position of regulated companies is one of "heads I win, tails you lose," because the contests of companies now carried on against commissions' findings are at the expense of consumers and not stockholders.

79. I will reorganize the regulatory bodies so as to remove them from their present paradoxical position of being both a judicial body and the representative of the consumers. They will all be constituted as judicial bodies but, in addition, attached to each there will be the office of a People's Counsel, to represent the consumers' interests as opposed to the attorneys of the companies, representing the stockholders.

80. I will immediately legalize broad extension of government-owned utilities by mergers, consolidations, and so on, in the fields of power, water, et cetera.

81. I will lay great stress upon the development of cooperatives, particularly in the farm field, appreciating throughout that these cooperatives are not *bona fide* cooperatives but are merely cooperatives for the producers. With proper regulatory control, however, the consumers will be protected by regulation rather than by domination of the producing entities.

82. I will promptly adopt most of the suggestions made by the Congressional commissions in the last eight years in respect to the coal industry, including particularly the elimination of the "snow-bird" high-cost mines, the improvement of labor and marketing conditions, and ultimate incentives to further consolidations.

83. I will encourage, induce, or compel the development of business into separate large trusts, so that each major section of American business will become "one big office." We shall thus eliminate many of the wastes of competition and, through the offices of the government and the powers mentioned above of the Federal Trade Commission, be able more accurately to tie up consumption with production. To this end I will encourage labor organizations on the basis of industries rather than of distinct occupations, thus eliminating most of the jurisdictional deficiencies

of present labor organizations. To this end voting in employers' and employees' organizations will be protected by secret ballot and honest impartial counting. Duress at economic voting booths is greater today than at political ballot boxes.

84. I will immediately procure ample appropriations so that the Federal Trade Commission can really gather all the facts in regard to trade associations now in existence and project programs for the building up of such associations within definite groups. This is necessary particularly during the interval of transition to large-scale regulated trusts.

85. I will extend our forestry program and adopt a strict conservation policy. This problem will diminish in importance as we progress in the field of proper planning of industry.

86. In all fields of business I will insist on full publicity—for example, in all banking matters and the Stock Exchange. As a temporary measure, I will abolish floor trading on the Stock Exchange and encourage by legislation the development of the profession of financial advisers, pending such time as the government will open its own bureau of financial advice to those who invest. Open disclosure will not be satisfied by the present rule of "all that is said must be truthful." I will insist on the theory that if any representation as to a commodity or a security is made, *all* the facts must be disclosed.

87. I will abolish all private trusteeships and executorships of estates and arrange for a government trust following roughly the New Zealand program. This will rest in the Federal Reserve Board and act as a partial stabilizer.

WHEN IN DOUBT REMEMBER:

88. This entire program is directed not toward restriction of output as is our present policy (note 26 per cent copper limitation), but rather toward wider distribution of purchasing power. I will aim at higher payments for productive services, lower costs, and distribution of wealth in proportion to social functions performed.

I feel that law is only a translation of community desires, and the program enunciated above is as much as our community will accept at this moment. As a keynote for the next program, I indicate:

(a) I will provide that courts of final jurisdiction may not declare statutes unconstitutional. If necessary, as a temporary compromise I will establish a three-quarter or four-fifths rule for such purposes.

(b) I will pass legislation for proportional representation, direct primaries, simplicity of independent nominations, initiative, referendum, and recall.

These are a few of the steps that I would take as a constitutional dictator. They by no means represent my ideal or my ultimate plan for the organization of mankind. They are only a springboard for action which will lead to a fuller life of joy for all people.

Our present troubles arise not from scarcity but from overabundance. After this program is adopted, we shall no doubt have periods of abundance when we shall go bowling, fishing, and sailing until our supplies are used up. Plenty will not spell suffering. In the meanwhile we may develop a spiritual crusade for a more exciting adventure in this interval we call living.

Keeping the Alien in His Place

By GEORGE HORNE

A FEW years ago all that was required of one wishing to enter the United States was mental health, soundness of limb, a dislike of anarchism, and a ticket entitling the immigrant to a crowded corner in the stable-like bowels of third-rate ships; with, in addition, enough money for rail passage to Upper Sandusky.

Try to get in now! The great human movement which began more than a century ago and continued with force enough to populate the country from Liberty Street to Arizona is ended. We have seen our last large immigration figures. Migration westward is comparatively nothing, and steamship lines are lean and hungry.

From distant history's standpoint observers will see that, as time is reckoned, the population of a new and wild continent was incredibly swift, and that it ended with apparent suddenness in the twelve years following the Great War. This is for historians. As for us, we see our government, often accused of bluntness, staging many a little drama in the consular offices where Hans Svenson and Willy So-and-So apply timidly for admission to the great New World. What power has been given the consul abroad who sits in judgment on visa applications? What chance has a man when he steps into the consular office, hoping for an opportunity to come to America? And even though fortune smiles upon him and he sails away toward America with a visa and a smile, are his troubles ended?

The majority of aliens reaching these shores today are not prospective residents, but visitors, here for one purpose or another, and most of these latter have been granted sixty-day visitor's permits. One would suppose that after consuls had granted these visitors permission to enter the country and had carefully scrutinized their credentials in Europe, they could pass into the country without trouble. As a rule they are met with the same suspicion accorded immigrants, and are frequently detained on Ellis Island awaiting possible exclusion. The principle of selection, which any up-to-the-minute business man would apply in a similar situation, is an unknown quantity in our immigration policy.

American consuls are little czars. Their clerks, their stenographers, their doormen and employees of whatever status who have come under the influence of the consular policy are little czars. Even American citizens entering many of their own consular offices have to identify themselves as such before they are accorded courtesy. This is not true everywhere. I met a consul in Canada who was soft-spoken and a gentleman; but in his outer office a mouse-faced, bitter-tongued young lady snapped and growled at every alien who entered the office. It was, "Well, what d'ya want?" and then, "Aw right, sit down till you're called." I wondered if it could not be arranged some other way.

Students of the immigration problem are inclined to believe in the present system as the best solution under immigration laws which are antedated, prejudiced, and intolerant. It began in 1929, five years after the act of 1924 shut down European immigration. There were and are now no quotas in the Western Hemisphere. Canada and Mexico,

for instance, are permitted to send in aliens without limit, subject naturally to "other restricting clauses."

As a result of the vacuum created by the rapid decreases in European entries, immigration from Western countries suddenly increased and it was impossible to cut down the numbers by law. Thus evolved the new consular policy by which it is now possible to deny anyone a visa. Carrying the phrase "other restricting clauses" like a battle-ax, the consuls have performed major operations on the stated quota numbers. A consul can jolly well turn down any applicant he pleases, muttering behind his whiskers (the consul's) that the applicant "is likely to become a public charge." Thousands have gone down under this blow. And there is no answer to it, because it is true.

Unfortunately, this system has not worked out in a straightforward way, thus adding another charge to the world-wide criticism leveled at the United States by millions who have felt the humiliation which is a part of contact with immigration procedure. So this is why your friend in Europe cannot join you here, even though he has funds in an amount which, five years ago, would have been more than sufficient. That is, also, why Ole Oleson, applying at the consulate in Stockholm, was asked how much money he had.

Ole replied: "Two hundred fifty dollars."

"Hmmm," hummed the vice-consul. "Have you your ticket, besides that?"

"Yes."

"Where are you going, Ole?"

"To Racine, Wisconsin," Ole replies.

"Why do you want to go there?" The consul does not mean this as a slap at Racine, for Racine is a very nice city. The question is a tricky one, as may be seen.

"Because my Uncle Ben lives there." This seems reasonable enough, but it doesn't help Ole.

"Have you a job waiting for you in Racine?"

"No, but my uncle will help me get one."

"Hmmm. So you have no job, eh? Too bad, too bad. Well, I'm afraid we will have to defer your case. Your money will not last long in America, Ole. You might become a public charge. No, you'll have to wait a while, get more money." And Ole departs, cursing his stupidity.

"Why didn't I say I had a job?" Ole kicks himself.

Ole's cousin, Sven, is applying for the quota on the following day and is benefited—or so he thinks—by Ole's mistake. He sits at the vice-consul's table and the first part of the conversation is quite similar to that in which poor, luckless Ole engaged, except that Sven is going to Minneapolis. This, again, is a cause of wonderment to our vice-consul.

"And why are you going to Minneapolis, Sven?"

"I got a brother there, sir!" returns Sven, sure of his ground.

"Have you a job waiting there, or has your brother secured work for you, Sven?"

Sven remembers Ole's error. He is ready. Poor Sven. "Oh, but yes sir," he replies. "My job is waiting. 'I'm

to get a good salary each week, so will never become a charge of your public, sir." Sven settles back in the chair with the air of a man who has done well by himself. But the consul looks grave.

"Tsk, tsk," Ole hears. The consul shakes his head, in sympathy with Sven's sad fate.

Sven cannot go to America because, if he did, it would be in violation of the contract-labor section of the immigration law. Ole cannot go because he hasn't a job and Sven cannot go because he has. There you are; and there also are Ole and Sven.

But the consul at Glasgow, Scotland, raised the ante in the quota game. A few weeks ago a resident of a nearby town inquired at the consulate regarding quota requirements. This applicant was informed that she must promise to accept no form of employment if admitted to the United States; and further, that she must show proof before sailing that she had funds sufficient for from five years' to ten years' residence in New York City.

What does this mean? The answer is that very few are receiving quota visas at the present time. In most cases, persons desiring to settle in the United States are not moneyed; those who have fortunes would prefer to live abroad, anyhow. It means that nearly all applications are being rejected and that those whose applications are approved are of the non-quota or quota-preference classes. Perhaps this system is not so abominable as it may seem. However, the only apparent virtue must lie in the fact that a small degree of selection may be employed. But it is a question if this can ever be a successful method.

A talented young lady who had held important posts with the Rockefeller Foundation in the Far East applied to a consular officer, requesting a quota number. She was asked for everything but a ticket to Ziegfeld's "Follies," and was finally refused. The consular officer asked how much money the young lady had. She told him her present cash supply was approximately \$350, and that she had her ticket. This was not nearly enough, she was told. For admission to the United States she would be required to possess sufficient money to live in a New York hotel for a year, and would have to have her father's pledge of support in case her funds ran out. A scrutiny of available visa procedure fails to reveal a basis for such requirements.

A young German was brought to the United States last year for the purpose of rejuvenating a mill plant after the combined efforts of several local experts had led only to deterioration. He had a visitor's permit, remained for sixty days until he had put the mill on a paying basis, and was then forced to return because his time was up. He would have been an asset to the state. His employer needed him, but he will have to go back to his native land and wait for a quota number. Even then the chances are that he will be denied.

Several years ago a young farmer, born in Canada, was smuggled into the United States as part of a wagon-load of vegetables. He obtained employment on a farm in a Northern State and after a year or so married his employer's daughter. A child was born, but the mother died, leaving the young farmer an added responsibility. He managed for a few years, and then, in 1929, Congress passed a law providing that an alien expelled from the United States or ordered deported can never under any circumstances enter

the country again. Frightened, this alien left the country voluntarily, leaving the child in the keeping of friends. His purpose was to obtain a visa legally and enter the country with sanction. He succeeded in obtaining the visa but as he approached the border he was excluded as an alien contract laborer on the ground that he was going to employment secured while unlawfully in the country. He carried the fight to the highest authorities, with, incidentally, the support of several immigration officials. After the department had discussed the problem from every angle, a special dispensation was ordered and the man admitted. This is one case, among many decided otherwise, where the letter of the law was disregarded for humane purposes.

What happens to the European alien who manages miraculously to obtain a visa as a prospective resident of the United States, or a visitor's permit to tarry in American cities for sixty days? What is the matter with American officials that they should so maltreat foreigners with a tentative foot on the American shore?

Our largest immigration station, located on an island in the center of New York harbor, is an unfortunate combination of a prison and the dunce's corner. In the last few years, as a reporter of ship news, I have very frequently made the trip from the United States quarantine anchorage to a New York pier, and have watched with amazement the lack of consideration meted out to those unfortunates who happen to be in the alien class. Leading industrialists, artists, merchants, lawyers, educators, men of high standing in nearly every field of endeavor come to this country on every ship. By a dozen means they are made aware when the ship has entered American waters. First, they are herded apart from other human beings. Stewards stand in foyers and classify them in loud voices. They call out to bewildered visitors: "Are you an alien?" The word "alien" thus has acquired the same pleasant quality attached to "fever," to "plague," and to "thief." An alien is not allowed to associate with regular passengers until he has been cleansed of his ills by the immigration fire.

Perhaps there should be no serious criticism of this system, but a shrinking from the methods used is surely admissible. Other countries separate aliens from citizens in a similar manner, but possibly with more delicacy. Here immigration inspectors arrange their papers and manifests at tables in the public rooms and the aliens pass before them in single file. Few of the inspectors ever remove their hats. Naturally there are some gentlemen in the service, but in all honesty the general tone of the service as the visiting foreigner sees it is one of arrogance, discourtesy, and unconscionable disregard of the feelings of others. One wonders if most of the immigration inspectors do not have indigestion. They so frequently are in such bad humor, and one observes foreigners gazing at them contemptuously for their uncouth speech and generally uncultivated demeanor. Must foreign visitors be ushered into the country with an initiation designed to impress them with the fact that we know what they are and they needn't try to get away with anything?

Obviously, it becomes necessary to detain certain prospective visitors and other aliens. But this is no reason for treating them as live stock. If not like animals, they are treated like prisoners. They are held in detention rooms. They are given no freedom, although it would be a physical impossibility for them to leave the island if the authorities

wanted to initiate a simple system of checking the passengers on the ferry to Manhattan. Even without that it would be feasible to fence off a part of the large island where aliens could move about freely. Still as prisoners they are marched to their meals, and by complaints issuing from the governmental table one judges the meals are pretty third rate. The aliens are not allowed to communicate with their friends by telephone, but may send a telegram, which is never so satisfactory to one in trouble.

Even were it granted that this treatment is right for lower-class immigrants, it is certainly unjustified in the case of cultured men and women; yet they are given the same mental lashing as the less sensitive characters. A few days ago an educated man who owns and directs a museum in Spain was "given the works" on the island. Bound for a few weeks of research in a large private library here, he arrived on a ship which docked on a Friday afternoon. He was detained without any substantial reason and taken to Ellis Island on the following day. He had no American money, but plenty of cash in foreign notes. He could not exchange these on Saturday or on Sunday. After borrowing a coin from a fellow-inmate he was refused permission to use the telephone to communicate with friends here. He could not eat the food placed before him at the prisoners' table, and although he was told he could purchase better food, this was impossible, for his money could not be passed. He tried to leave the table because the food was distasteful to him, but a guard would not allow him to leave the dinner bench and told him he would have to "sit there" whether he wanted to eat or not. He hoped that his case would be called on Saturday, but the board of inquiry on the island

was very busy that day, as officials later explained. Sunday, being a holiday, was simply another twenty-four hours. On Monday he succeeded in reaching officials of an art association in the city and on Tuesday his case was called. He was released after posting \$500 surety bond. The reason for detaining this visitor was given as follows: He had visited the United States last year and remained here longer than his original sixty-day permit allowed. However, it was later admitted that on this occasion he had obtained an extension of his permit, and had tarried here in perfect accordance with rules and laws. In further support of the treatment of this alien, an official on the island said that there had recently been a revolution in Spain and the examining inspector had probably been on that account "a little nervous."

It is more difficult to visit a detained alien on Ellis Island than to slip a jigsaw to a Sing Sing convict. So far as I know, no one in the detention pens has ever had an opportunity to tell his story to a newspaperman. No one knows what goes on on Ellis Island except what is gleaned from those who manage to escape its hospitality after detention. Frankly then, this information is second hand, but too many visitors have protested bitterly of identical treatment to reject their view as prejudiced.

It is only fair to emphasize that not all our immigration agents are boors. Some treat our visitors kindly and with the greatest courtesy, but the visitors do not remember them at all because they naturally expect such treatment. Why not? Courtesy is no especial virtue. What they do remember is the offensive crudity of United States officialdom. They remember that someone humiliated and shamed them when they reached America.

They Are Not Always Lynched

By PAUL BLANSHARD

THE electric chair at Kilby prison is made of plain wooden timbers painted yellow and it stands in a tiny stone room of the new model penitentiary near Montgomery, Alabama, where the Negro boys convicted of rape in the Scottsboro case are now confined. The prison warden was kind enough to show me how the chair operated after I had visited the death house.

"You see," he said, "I pull this handle here in the next room. I don't see the men die at all. I look at that little hole in the wall and I pull the handle when one of the guards holds up that black disk marked Ready."

The warden did not realize that his yellow-timbered chair has become the focal point of the race struggle in the United States. In that chair, when the white leaders of Alabama say "Ready," ten Negroes may die this winter, the nine boys of the Scottsboro case and Willie Peterson. Of these the most important is Willie Peterson. His case is little known in the North but he has become a symbol of the fight of intelligent Southerners for more even-handed justice to the Negro. This is his story.

On an afternoon last August three white girls from well-to-do families in Birmingham were driving in an automobile along a road in Mountain Brook, a suburb of the city, when a small car containing three Negroes drove up from

behind. One of the Negroes jumped on the running board of the girls' car, held a pistol to the head of the girl who was driving, and ordered her to give him any money that she had. Then he directed her to drive the car off the main road into a wooded area, where he held the girls three hours, ranting to them about justice, religion, and race oppression. When he finally became "insulting," one of the girls attempted to take his gun from him, whereupon he opened fire, fatally wounding two of the girls and shooting the third through the arm. The third girl, Miss Nell Williams, survived because she fell to the ground and pretended to be dead. After the Negro had gone, she drove her car with one arm to a nearby house and summoned help. Her sister died that day; the other girl died nine days later from a bullet-shattered spine.

Birmingham the next day was in a craze of excitement. Special posses scoured the country preventing all suspected Negroes from leaving the region and taking servants bodily out of scores of suburban homes for examination. One Negro employee of the Birmingham Electric Company who was alleged to have belittled the crime was taken out that night by two white men and shot through the head. Civic groups offered \$3,000 for the apprehension of the murderer, and the following description based upon Nell Williams's recollection was broadcast for use in the search:

The Negro is black, about 35 years of age, between 5 feet 8 and 10 inches tall, and weight between 135 and 145. He has straight long hair, parted on the left side, large brown eyes, lower gold tooth, sunken cheeks, medium voice with Southern accent, pimple below the right corner of mouth, and a staring gaze. He was wearing blue coveralls with thin white stripes, the sleeves were torn at the elbows, and a gray felt hat badly worn.

A score of Negroes were rounded up and paraded before Nell Williams. She declined to identify them. Then seven weeks later, on September 24, while driving down one of the main streets of Birmingham, she saw Willie Peterson walking on the sidewalk and positively identified him as the murderer. He was arrested and rushed to safety in Kilby prison, but death almost claimed him a few days later when he was secretly brought to the Birmingham County jail and Dent Williams, brother of Nell Williams, who had smuggled a pistol into the prison, shot him through the lung. For this offense young Williams has been indicted.

The trial of Peterson came in December. Here was a perfect setting for swift retributive justice. A Negro charged with a crime against Southern white women had been positively identified by one of his victims. The identification was made deliberately, long after the period of hysteria was past. The girl herself, as I heard her testify from the witness stand, appeared calm, poised, and intelligent. Her testimony stood up well under cross-examination. The alibis of Peterson were not very impressive, although he had a good reputation.

But the miracle happened! Willie Peterson was not convicted because there was a reasonable doubt that he was the right man. A white Southern jury did not blindly accept the white woman's word against the black man. It weighed the evidence and disagreed. Rumor has it that the verdict was seven to five for acquittal and that Peterson will get a new trial in January, with the chances for acquittal greater than in the first trial.

The credit for this astonishing result must go not only to Peterson's attorneys but to a young Southern judge, J. Russell McElroy, who was scrupulously fair during the trial, and to the newspapers of Birmingham, which have studiously refrained from appeals to mob hysteria. During the trial no machine-guns were in evidence and no uniformed officers were in the court. Half of the main floor of the courtroom was given to Negroes and half to whites.

Miss Williams had said upon the night of the murder that her assailant was about 5 feet 8 or 10 inches tall and that he weighed 135 to 145 pounds. Peterson answered that description pretty well. Miss Williams said that the murderer had sunken cheeks and a gray, ragged hat. Peterson had thin cheeks and a gray, ragged hat which the police found in his house and which Miss Williams flatly swore was the hat worn by the murderer at the time of the crime. When the prosecuting attorney pointed his finger at Peterson during the trial and asked, "Is that the man who murdered your sister?" Miss Williams's positive answer, "I *know* it is the man," seemed to seal his fate.

But when Peterson's lawyers, Roach and Johnson, brought on the defense witnesses, three important discrepancies in Miss Williams's testimony became apparent. The police said that she had described her assailant on the night of the murder as a black Negro with straight long hair and

a lower gold tooth. The murderer, it is reported, kept pushing his hair back from his forehead. Now, Peterson has no gold filling in his teeth, he is a dark brown rather than a black Negro, and his short closely kinked hair is the kind that even if allowed to grow long would not be described as straight unless it had a huge quantity of Harlem hair oil poured upon it. And if it were heavily oiled it would not keep falling in his face!

The report also persists in Birmingham that Jennie Wood, one of the murdered girls, gave to Wade Wood, her father, shortly before she died, a description of the murderer that would not apply to Willie Peterson. Mr. Wood was not permitted to appear as a witness for the defense and quote this description because of our peculiar laws of evidence.

Apparently these discrepancies in identification have saved Peterson temporarily from the electric chair. A Southern white jury has dared to consider the evidence on its merits and weigh the word of a destitute Negro workingman against a socially prominent white woman.

The full meaning of this event can only be appreciated against the background of race prejudice and sex hysteria which still manifests itself whenever crimes of Negroes against white women are committed. When the recent report upon lynching was made by the Southern Commission on the Study of Lynching, headed by George Fort Milton, the leading Southern newspapers gave it reasonable display and considerable comment, but bitter counter-attacks upon the commission were launched by the Woman's National Association for the Preservation of the White Race. This association has recently issued one of the most stimulating documents of contemporary history under the slogan "God must be the Father and the White Race the Sire of Civilization." It says:

The white race is threatened with extinction. It has become necessary for the white women of the American nation to organize for self preservation. . . .

The white woman has bent her back to the burden of service for her Negro friends and for the race generally. Before and since the war between the States she has ministered to the Negroes in sickness and in health without compensation. The white sister has led in every helpful, uplifting movement, sharing every privilege of hers with the Negro race, helping them in every endeavor, sharing their sorrows, encouraging them onward and upward, and now that same white sister has to sit and listen to bitter denunciations, abuse and hatred of the white woman and her child at every interracial meeting that is held, and read it in every scrap of literature that is in circulation and published by the Negro race. Negro magazines and newspapers for years past have been full of bitterness to white women, and in the past two or three years no insult has been too great to hurl at the white woman and her daughters. The only apparent reason being the desire of the white woman to live her own life, in her own way, without molestation from Negro men, and a desire to keep her descendants the pure strain which God created. . . .

At all these things and conditions we most solemnly protest. We protest at teaching socialism to Negro men, if it teaches them that they have the right to intercept young white women on the highway, as was done in Birmingham, Alabama, and force them into relations to which death is preferable, but to which they must submit or be slain.

No one has a right to force a possibility of unwelcome motherhood upon any woman, or to violate the sacred

rights of the human body. We protect our fine chickens, our animals, our birds. We even protect our dogs. In the name of our Heavenly Father let us protect our girls. We select a pedigreed sire for our animals. Future America must not be sired by a mongul [sic] black race.

To our law-enforcement officials let us say that the sacred honor of a pure, good woman is as dear to her as is the life of any man. . . .

Let the Negroes stop their determined efforts to cor-

rupt the white race, and their encouragements of assaults upon white women, in their papers, their magazines, in their interracial meetings, and among themselves. . . .

This is the answer of one section of the white population of the South to the long, patient labors of the Interracial Commission. Fortunately it is not the answer of the dominant groups in the cities, for these groups are becoming increasingly sensitive to national criticism.

Nice Story

By PAUL SIFTON

WHEN and if the sentimental halo about the late New York *World* becomes too thick, I'll remember Arturo Sandoval. Arturo Sandoval got his name in the papers one dull Monday morning after he had snatched a purse from a woman as she was leaving St. Malachi's Church. It just happened that a cop was in the crowd descending the steps after mass. Sandoval was arrested on the spot; the woman's pocket-book was returned before anyone could find out whether it contained more than carfare, and Sandoval was hustled to the West Forty-seventh Street Station.

This was some years back, while Coolidge was still jacking up prosperity until he could get from under. Consequently, when Sandoval said he took the purse because he had a wife and four starving children who were due to be put out on the street, the city editors thought it was news. The papers gave Arturo a break: "Jobless, Wife, Four Babies Hungry, Snatches Purse on Church Steps."

The presiding genius of the Sunday side needed a "popular" story. He read about poor Sandoval and proceeded to get hot. "It has everything. It sums up modern society. There you are, out of a job, family starving, evicted; you steal! Instinct to survive, first law of nature—he's dumb, gets caught. Now they'll soak him! God damn it, let's get on this—maybe they'll let him off easy. Page one, editorial section."

He had a girl reporter at his desk. "Ask the first twenty-five people you meet what they'd do in his place. Do they blame him? Do they think he ought to be punished? Why? Get names."

"Names?" said the girl. She wasn't so dumb.

"Hell, yes, names and addresses. Don't you know you can't use quotes in this paper unless you have names?"

The girl delivered. Twenty-five citizens ranging from lawyers to housewives and an airplane mechanic (he was a friend of the girl) bent their minds to the problem. Sandoval was exonerated, by a big majority, of everything but stupidity. To be sure, he could have arranged a murder-and-suicide pact, or gone to the Charity Organization, but he hadn't thought of either. The piece looked so good that the editor, who was a congenital radical anyway, decided to give it another whirl the following week. He called me over.

"Let's get twenty-five names out of 'Who's Who' and put it up to them. They can't get around it. What would they do? They've got to say something. Make 'em talk. We'll get 'em on record as—or else they've got to okay what he did. See?"

I saw. Half his day's work was done. Omitting the painful details of hunting up twenty-five assorted inmates of "Who's Who," making them listen while I told them all about Arturo Sandoval, aged thirty, jobless, wife and four babies starving, landlord hourly threatening eviction, snatches purse from woman as she leaves St. Malachi's Church, it may be said, briefly, that I didn't do as well as the girl.

What would you do if you were a struggling, earnest young reporter who had to ask twenty-five people what they thought of a man with a wife, etc.? Probably about what I finally did—get up a list of persons who had been exposed to reporters before, the good old reliable Leading Citizens.

One was Francis Sisson, the vice-president of the Guaranty Trust Company who dealt with the press. I had interviewed him on some banking subject and could get in. Now, in whimsical desperation, I went to consult him about the man who, etc. At first the proposition rather staggered him, but after I had explained Sandoval's dilemma and my own, he lit a cigarette, leaned back, and philosophized.

"It's curious how it works—this instinct of self-preservation," he said, in effect. "You never can tell how it will come out. You say he'd been sick, couldn't get work, wife sick, four babies, starving, rent overdue, going to be dispossessed. He'd let life get him down. But he had to do something. We're most of us like animals. We can't lie down and starve to death. We are driven to do something. Now, take this Sandoval; he grabbed that pocket-book. Probably he didn't know what he was doing, consciously. Who knows, perhaps the working of his instinct will do something for him; save him, in a roundabout way. What are they going to do with him and his family?"

I said there had been offers of aid and there was a chance that Sandoval might get off easy in court. Sisson put out his hand, palm upward, as if the answer proved his point. It was a nice interview. He knew what he was saying and of course the story did not draw the explicit moral that direct action sometimes had its practical and immediate reward.

Encouraged, I tried to get to Max Steuer, but he was in court. The office of Charles S. Whitman, former District Attorney and Governor, was nearby, so I tried him. The *World* name admitted me. Whitman couldn't believe his ears. He looked from me to the door and back. I explained the social significance and importance of the problem. He decided not to throw me out. After all, the *World* was still more or less the *World* and you never could tell.

"I didn't quite get it straight—the circumstances."

I told him again about Arturo Sandoval. He listened carefully.

"I don't believe it," he said. "Things don't happen that way. Have you seen this Sandoval? How do you know this story is straight?"

I told Whitman I would check on the story. But while I was here I'd get his quotes anyway. "Supposing it is straight, what would you do?"

"It just didn't happen, not that way," said Whitman. "There's always some explanation—"

"But he was broke, the kids—"

"No, I mean something else that made him do it, some unique circumstance, something in his character, his record."

"I'll look him up," I said, and left, minus quotes. I could have ignored Whitman's objection, but by this time I was sore about the assignment. Who was this Arturo Sandoval anyway? Was there a catch in the story?

The address was in West Twenty-third Street, four hundred something. It was a slum building, no names in the hall. I raised the janitor. He didn't know the name. Somebody had been pinched—oh, yes, the cops had been in the basement. A family lived down there in the back. Wops or Spaniards. I could go down.

By lighting matches to get through the basement, I found the door. Cracks of light showed here and there in the thin board partition. When I knocked, all sound stopped inside. I knocked again. After awhile the door opened. A girl not more than twenty-five years old looked out through the half-opened door. She was very pretty.

"Is Arturo Sandoval here?"

Her answer was simply to open the door wide to show me he was not at home. It was a dark, damp place, but clean, a scrap of white curtain at the one blind window and an electric lamp on the low ceiling. Three boys, all under four, were on the floor. The baby was lying on the sagging white iron bed.

I wanted to talk to her husband. Important. Where was he? I made out that he was at the police station. He'd be back at six, she said. I told her I'd be back.

The sergeant at the West Forty-seventh Street Station didn't know me. He kept his lip buttoned. A police card cracked him a little. Sandoval's case had come up. Suspended sentence. I went back to Twenty-third Street.

Sandoval hadn't come home yet. I tried to tell the girl that he had got off. She wiped off a chair and I sat down. In about five minutes Sandoval came. He was short, about five feet four, probably 145 pounds. Maybe less. His wife pointed to me without a word. His excitement sagged and he was tired and hunted. We sat down. I asked him how it happened. With the meek, helpless obedience of the shamed poor, he told me from the beginning. The published account was straight, as far as it went.

Sandoval's story went back to the time when he had a good job making coffee in the window of a restaurant in Canal Street, five years ago, when he came from Venezuela. His father had money, not much, but a big house and a business in Maracaibo. He wrote out the name. If he could get back, his father would help him. Well, after the job on Canal Street, he had a couple of others, then he got a good job in a chocolate factory on Ninth Avenue—seventeen dollars a week.

His English was very sketchy. I had to make him re-

peat. Now he seemed to get excited and it was harder to follow him. Last summer he had an accident. His leg, he was in a hospital—very bad, six weeks. When he got out he couldn't go back to work at the chocolate factory, no job for him. At first I had the impression that the accident occurred in the factory. Possibly it was his fault and that was why he couldn't get back. No, it wasn't that way at all. The factory was nice place, but no jobs. No, he had been hit by a truck. He tried to demonstrate. He pulled his trouser leg above his knee to show me the scarred flesh, still blue and livid, streaked where it had been stitched.

It began to look like a good story: genesis of a crime, ambitious young immigrant, works hard, loyal wife, healthy children, steady job, contented; hard luck, hit by speeding truck, hospital, no wages, loses job—what else? Why didn't he go home? He would if he had \$300. He said it as if it were a million. I led him to tell of the time between his discharge from hospital and his arrest. He couldn't get a good job. He washed dishes—dollar and a half a day—working nights, too—but he couldn't pay the rent, buy food. Four weeks ago the baby had come.

I asked him why he grabbed the purse. He looked at me and stopped talking. "I don't know. Why you ask me? How should I know? On Saturday the landlord he say 'Pay me or you get out.' I can't sleep. I go out. Then I do it. How should I know?"

That was all right. It could be worked up. I went back to the accident. That was the key. If he hadn't been hurt he would still be making chocolate.

Didn't he get damages? Who paid for the hospital? The company. What company? The truck. What truck? What about damages, how did it happen, anyway? Was it his fault? No, no, it was like this. He showed me, diagramming a street crossing with his hands. They hit him. It was the truck's fault.

I wanted him to stick to the point about the truck. Perhaps there was a hook-up—maybe the people who owned the truck could be made to cough up damages. Use a little publicity on them. The *World* had come out strong against reckless driving, the death toll of the automobile.

Had he tried to get damages? Yes, he had a lawyer. The lawyer said \$200. He would get half, but it took a long time. Sandoval had just been to see him again. Better and better—an ambulance chaser! Fifty per cent! The *Evening World* was death on those birds. I got the lawyer's name. This was getting hot. It hooked up all the way round. Nice story!

Now I wanted the name of the truck. Whose truck was it? I hoped it was some big firm. He was very excited, as if he didn't want to give me the name. He said something, as far as I could make out, about me and the *World*. Sure I was from the *World*. Maybe we could get some money for him—I had an idea—make the company that owned the truck kick through with enough money to ship him back to Venezuela. Was he sure \$300 would cover the whole family? It sounded incredible. Yes, he was sure. Three hundred and he could go home. All right, now what was the name of the company, the truck, you know, that hit you? We'll make them tickled to death to put up!

Three words emerged from a stream of talk, mostly in Spanish: "New York *World*."

"Yes, I'm on the *World*," I said, impatiently. "I told

you that before. What was the name of the company? I'm trying to help you. Who owned the truck?"

"New York *World*."

"Yes, sure, but—" I stopped and he repeated.

"New York *World* truck. He hit me."

The Sunday impresario was shocked. He agreed that something should be done. The *World* could put up another hundred, together with the damages, and generously ship the Sandoval family back to Venezuela—before Hearst, or the *Daily News*, or Sandoval's lawyer should start exploiting the fact that the man the *World* had been jerking tears over had been driven to purse-snatching as the direct result of being hit by a *World* truck and because he had to wait months for settlement of his claim for damages.

The Sunday editor went down to hit up Ralph Pulitzer for the money. He came back shortly and told me to take the matter up with the Bureau of Accuracy and Fair Play. Pulitzer, it seemed, just couldn't do anything about it. The Bureau of Accuracy and Fair Play, after telephoning the lawyers to make sure Sandoval had a claim, explained the impossibility of doing anything for him. Trucks were insured against such claims. The surety company settled everything. The *World* couldn't interfere. It would set a bad precedent. As I understood it, to have made any move to give Sandoval a cent would have been practically immoral and legally indecent. As for the ambulance chaser getting half of the \$200, well, it was too bad, but such contingent fees were not so unusual as one might think.

And so Arturo Sandoval didn't get \$300 compensation for being knocked out of his good job in the chocolate factory, and the *World* passed up a chance to shrive its soul while performing a small but spectacular act of decency that would have added up in the cash register in respect, goodwill, and the public's blind faith, without which no newspaper can long endure.

Oh yes, in the story the following Sunday the circumstances of the accident and its results were included, but the name of the company owning the truck was not given.

In the Driftway

"**M**AN must work." Last week the Drifter stated his credo, in spite of the fact that his own profession is drifting. As if in support of his thesis, he received a letter from a Chicago lawyer. It quoted the following sentence from the memorial services for a deceased justice of our Supreme Court:

Judge Farmer in his early youth acquired the habit of industry. He appreciated the importance of constant employment and never indulged in any form of idleness. He never acquired the habit of taking an occasional rest from his work for the purpose of recreation. To him, to be happy was to be engaged in some useful occupation.

From this melancholy picture the Drifter turns away. He need hardly say that such a life of bee-like industry was not what he meant. In the lively *New Yorker* he remembers reading a sketch of Herbert Hoover which described the President's day as one that began with a serious game of medicine ball at 7 a. m. and proceeded by regular stages

of labor to his retirement at a late hour. He read his mail from 9 to 9:15 a. m. He ate his lunch from 12:40 to 1:10. Even after he had gone to bed he kept on working, for he would often—or so the article declared—rise from his couch after midnight and read some instructive and uplifting tome.

* * * * *

IF this is true of President Hoover, the Drifter is sorry for him. Quite the opposite, so the legend runs, was the case with his predecessor. Mr. Coolidge, it seems, wandered down to the Executive Offices around ten o'clock in the morning and beat a leisurely retreat about four. When documents were handed to him for consideration, the rule was that they should be accompanied by an abstract prepared by a secretary, who, being a wage-slave, had nothing to do but read them through. Mr. Hoover reads them himself. The sad part about this heavy industriousness is that it rarely produces appropriate results. Mr. Hoover might read his days and nights through, and he would still lack the acumen that makes a successful politician. Politics, however, are far afield from drifting. When the Drifter declares that man must work, he does not mean that he must be blindly and owlshly occupied at a desk eighteen hours a day, that he must eschew leisure, shun vacations, and despise play. The ideal life of toil, of course, is drifting. Let no one imagine that a drifter spends his days rocking on the back porch. He must get out and see the world; he must walk, ride, swim, fly; he must read books, papers, billboards, and advertisements; he must talk to the butcher, baker, candlestick maker, and editor; he must taste all foods, sip all drinks; try his hand at all occupations. He must be always busy but never at work.

* * * * *

THIS is as far as possible from the poor unfortunates who have no work to do and therefore no money on which to live. Their lack of occupation leads to hunger, cold, and suffering. Nor does it cover the listless and pointless inactivity of those whose hands are idle because their brains are dead. Man must work. He must work to eat and be clothed; he must work for shelter, for love, for his children; he must work for his immortal soul. But as soon as he lets himself be ruled by pure busyness for its own sake, he is lost. He is forever rolling the stone uphill and never reaching the top.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Hands Off Nicaraguan Elections

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The plan announced by the State Department to withdraw all United States marines from Nicaragua before the end of 1932 makes it particularly important that the presidential elections of October, 1932, which apparently will be supervised by United States forces, shall see as candidates the country's strongest men—men who if they attain power can command some considerable measure of popular support. Prominent members, however, of both the Conservative and the Liberal Party, as well as Americans long resident in the country, informed me during a recent visit that State Department approval

must necessarily be one important factor in determining the choice of candidates. It is common opinion in Nicaragua that the parties there will not be left free in making their nominations, but must select a candidate who is known to be *persona grata* to the United States legation.

In the past, unfortunately, State Department approval has fallen on men like Adolfo Díaz, to cite only one example, who in spite of, or perhaps because of, a pro-intervention attitude amounting to servility did not command sufficient support in Nicaragua itself to maintain himself in power unaided. Consequently, when threatened with opposition, he called for the landing of United States marines, involving the United States in an intervention which has proved costly in lives, money, and prestige. Past experience, therefore, suggests that the injection of State Department influence in the choice of Nicaraguan candidates has not proved ultimately beneficial either to Nicaragua or to the United States, and that in the 1932 campaign also it may have unfortunate results.

For these reasons, many Nicaraguans feel that a declaration from the Department of State (to which of course the policy of the Managua legation would conform) making clear the interest of the United States government in the complete freedom of party nominations, those of minority political groups as well as of the two historic parties, would materially forward the possibility of candidates being selected for their ability and political strength in Nicaragua, rather than for their supposed skill in courting the favor of the United States legation in Managua.

Many with whom I talked during this last visit—Conservatives, Liberals, and Nationalists—believe that to permit a more accurate expression of the popular will in the 1932 presidential elections, more reasonable provisions should be adopted relative to the formation of third parties, eliminating the literacy provision for petitions, and probably reducing the required percentage of signatures from 10 per cent to 5 per cent, which latter figure was that fixed in the 1923 electoral law, drafted by the American expert, H. W. Dodds. In the determination of these points State Department influence, through the machinery of election supervision, is expected to be decisive.

CHARLES A. THOMSON

San José, Costa Rica, December 1

On to Russia!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: This is a protest against the useless practice of dragging our feet because the train is going the wrong way. In my opinion every progressive-minded individual interested in world advancement should migrate to Russia and work for the only system which has discarded the profit motive. There is now a definite best to be chosen among the governments of the world.

It is an atrocious waste of energy in this country to plan and work constantly for palliatives that go unheeded. The profit motive and big business are entwined in an inextricable manner in every phase of our life—education, literature, art, government, law, medicine; even incorruptible science, according to F. J. Schlink, has become a myth. What good does it do in progressive education for us to develop the social motive when the children are surrounded by a competitive world? The system must go first. All thinking and informed men agree pretty well on what should be done if one of them became dictator. However, the Hoover Administration goes right on raising the tariff and preparing for war. Ramsay MacDonald could not do much in Great Britain; Norman Thomas as President would be sunk in the maelstrom of politics. You can't

buck the system! Why don't we act on this principle. Let's all join hands and go to Russia.

Today freedom and democracy are phantoms. Russia has the greatest freedom possible, namely: You can say what you like as long as you keep on working for us. Bertrand Russell has shown in his latest book that a scientific society—or any competent organization, for that matter—cannot allow internal discord if it is to keep on running. It is the duty of a citizen of the world to support the most enlightened oligarchy, the most efficient and humanitarian system. The best to be found is in Russia, a country run by trained experts, and one where the moving power is cooperation.

Ross, Cal., December 22

MARGARET F. GUTELIUS

Let's All Guide the Revolution!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The height of the absurdity to which the liberal attitude can lead individuals is amusingly—no, tragically—illustrated in the advertisement of the L. I. D. Student Conferences in *The Nation* for December 23. "Guiding the Revolution"! Oh, yeah? The "superior brains" of the country, now living softly at Harvard or Vassar or Union Theological Seminary, will spend some of their leisure in determining in which direction it is best that the "revolution" should go. Fortunately, they are kidding themselves. The international bankers are guiding the revolution. Ramsay MacDonald, the liberal, kids himself into thinking that he is, but he only succeeds in postponing the day of its coming. Think of Gandhi asking the intelligentsia of Bombay and Calcutta to attend a conference with that for a topic; or imagine Lenin in 1916 issuing an advertisement calling a conference during "Christmas vacation" with the topic for discussion "Guiding the Revolution"!

Troy, N. Y., December 31

ARTHUR M. ALLEN

Banks and Bonds

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is a felony for a borrower to make a false statement to a bank for the purpose of securing credit. Why shouldn't it also be a felony for a bank to make a false statement to a depositor for the purpose of securing deposits? It seems to me that the ruling of the Treasury Department permitting banks to carry bonds on their books at par instead of market value is dishonest, since the bank statement would not present a true picture of the condition of the bank.

We are told that confidence is the crying need just now and the way to gain that confidence is to put all the cards on the table.

Zanesville, Ohio, December 12

CLARK T. NORRIS

Thanks for Looking Your Wife in the Eye

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I read Mr. Amos Pinchot's article in *The Nation* of December 16 with much satisfaction and some glee. It is encouraging and refreshing to have someone speak out as plainly as *The Nation* does. These are parlous times. Keep up the good work.

New York, December 23

HARFORD T. MARSHALL

"Saw Children Barefoot in Snow"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I ask you to publish the inclosed telegram from James Myers, Industrial Secretary, Federal Council of Churches, regarding the urgent need of clothing and food in the bituminous coal fields:

TOUR OF INSPECTION COAL FIELDS WEST VIRGINIA AND KENTUCKY REVEALS ALARMING NEED AT LEAST TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND CHILDREN FOOD AND WARM CLOTHING. THOUSANDS UNABLE ATTEND SCHOOL. SAW CHILDREN BAREFOOT IN SNOW. SOME EVICTED FAMILIES LIVING IN TENTS. SICKNESS WILL TAKE TOLL UNLESS CLOTHES FOR ALL AGES SUPPLIED AT ONCE ESPECIALLY CHILDREN'S CLOTHING AND SHOES ALSO WARM BLANKETS QUILTS. HOT LUNCHESES SERVED BY QUAKERS MANY SCHOOLS ALREADY SHOW RESULTS IMPROVED HEALTH. THOUSANDS PRE-SCHOOL CHILDREN AND BABIES WITHOUT MILK. MORE MONEY NEEDED AT ONCE AS WINTER WEATHER GRIPS MOUNTAIN REGIONS. PLEASE SEND OUT WIDE APPEAL URGENT.—JAMES MYERS.

Clothing should be shipped (prepaid) from the East to American Friends Service Committee, 1515 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and from the West to American Friends Service Committee, Morgantown, West Virginia.

Checks should be made out and mailed to Olive Van Horn, Treasurer, Coal Areas Relief, 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York City. All funds will be forwarded to the American Friends Service Committee (Quakers) for relief in the field.

New York, December 29

OLIVE VAN HORN

Contributors to This Issue

MORRIS L. ERNST, a New York attorney, is the author of "America's Primer."

GEORGE HORNE is a ship-news reporter on a New York paper.

PAUL BLANSHARD is the executive director of the City Affairs Committee of New York.

PAUL SIFTON is coauthor with Claire Sifton of the play "1931," recently produced by the Group Theater.

HAL SAUNDERS WHITE is in the English department of Washington Square College, New York University.

GRANVILLE HICKS is assistant professor of English at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT is the author of "The Story of the Catholic Church."

MARK VAN DOREN is the author of "Jonathan Gentry."

HORACE GREGORY is author of a translation of Catullus.

JEROME ROSENTHAL has contributed articles on philosophical subjects to the *Bookman*, *Current History*, and the *Thinker*.

Unusual people
with
unusual tastes

MEET IN
THE
NATION

Unusual Shops
with unusual
things to sell

Write for rates.

20 Vesey Street

Finance Shall We "Inflate"?

STUDENTS of the depression and of the government measures for relieving it now under discussion are commenting with guarded approval on the "mild inflation" which most of these measures contemplate. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation is expected to provide some half-billion dollars of Treasury money to aid distressed railroads and banks, while additional amounts are to be appropriated, according to present plans, for easing the pressure on existing mortgage institutions, urban and rural. In this program of government aid are discerned the seeds of a moderate and hence beneficial inflation.

The word has numerous definitions, but its present use conforms to none of them, nor to the practical probabilities of the case. Since a considerable number of people are apparently pinning their hopes of business recovery and an advance in stock-market prices on this so-called inflationary policy, it will be worth while to consider the term with some care and note wherein it differs from the kind of credit emission now proposed. Without attempting to be over-precise or all-inclusive, it may be said that inflation connotes the creation of credit at a more rapid rate than the output of commodities and services, resulting in a rise in prices. The essential point is that the credit created shall be used directly as purchasing power.

It seems to be plain enough that the credit which it is proposed to create under the various relief plans would have no such direct use. What is intended, thus far, is that government obligations, in one form or another, shall take the place of corporate or other private obligations. Thus, a bank owning "frozen" but presumably sound foreign bonds will present them to the government lending institution and obtain a loan on them, the funds for that loan having been obtained through the sale of government bonds or notes to other banks or the public. The fact that no new purchasing power is directly created is plainly shown if we assume that the frozen foreign bonds thus disposed of by the distressed bank were purchased from an individual, who uses the funds thus obtained to buy the government bonds involved in the triangular transaction. The money loaned to the bank could become purchasing power, but is far more likely to become merely additional reserves.

This is something very different from the inflation which raises commodity and security prices. Inflation of this sort, it may be said, flows from one of two sources—confidence or fear. We are familiar enough with the type which springs from confidence, the latest example of it having occurred in the period of several years culminating in October, 1929. The confidence underlying such a movement consists in the feeling of certainty that business profits or speculative gains will prove sufficient to pay off the debts incurred. When such a mass of credit is created that payment become difficult or impossible, we have collapse and "deflation." The other type, originating in fear, comes into play when increasing numbers of people become convinced that the currency passing through their hands is headed for depreciation or ultimate worthlessness through the issue of increasing amounts of irredeemable paper money by the government. The old German mark furnished a classic example.

In the United States, as 1932 begins, we are displaying neither of the two opposite symptoms of incipient inflation and a rise in prices. Considerable doses of credit are apparently to be administered to business, but they will differ from the great voluntary drafts we have known in the past, much as the teaspoonful of whiskey given to a sick man differs from the potatoes of a festive evening.

S. PALMER HARMAN

Books and Drama

I Taught the Angel

By HAL SAUNDERS WHITE

I taught the angel of my will
To walk upon this sunny hill.

Trailing the fire of his wings
Disdainful over juniper
He dainty stepped for nettle stings
And beggars'-lice and dock-weed burr.

I coaxed him with wild strawberries
And the white roots of grass to eat
And though he was not full at ease
For memory of worlds unwon
I led him to a grassy seat
And he sat down like anyone.

I taught the angel of my will
To sit in sunshine on this hill.

For he was weary of his wings
And only half resented me
When I unstrapped the silly things
And buckled on humility.

Japanese Imperialism

Japan: An Economic and Financial Appraisal. By Harold G. Moulton. Washington: The Brookings Institution. \$4.

The Japanese Population Problem. By W. R. Crocker. The Macmillan Company. \$4.

Japan's Special Position in Manchuria. By C. Walter Young. The Johns Hopkins Press. \$3.

The International Legal Status of the Kwantung Leased Territory. By C. Walter Young. The Johns Hopkins Press. \$2.25.

Japanese Jurisdiction in the South Manchuria Railway Areas. By C. Walter Young. The John Hopkins Press. \$3.

British Far Eastern Policy. By R. Stanley McCordock. Columbia University Press. \$6.

HERE are six excellent volumes dealing directly or indirectly with the Japanese problem in the Far East. There is a Japanese problem. Let there be no doubt about that. And history may show that it is far graver and more portentous than the Chinese or Manchurian problem. Each of these four writers makes a substantial contribution to our understanding of the background and development of Japanese imperialism. Each approaches his special field in a wholly objective manner. There is no attempt in any of these books to prove or disprove the existence of a Japanese imperialist policy, or to attempt to criticize or justify that policy. Indeed, it is clear that not one of the writers had Japanese imperialism especially in mind when he set to work in his particular field. But we have nevertheless obtained from them a comprehensive, yet simple, explanation of the factors behind Japan's *Drang nach Westen*. In addition, we have in Dr. Young's three volumes an accurate survey of Japanese operations and the Japanese position in Manchuria.

For the general reader Dr. Young's three volumes are a

great improvement over his earlier work, "The International Relations of Manchuria," which was a specialized digest of the various negotiations, agreements, and treaties affecting the Three Eastern Provinces. Unhappily, he pays only scant attention to the economic background of either the Manchurian or the Japanese problem, which, of course, is the key to Japanese activities on the mainland of Asia. He sometimes forgets that the endless quarrels over the railways, the Kwantung lease, political jurisdiction, the 1915 treaties, and the rest are merely surface quarrels, arising from what Mr. Crocker in another connection has called the "accidents of strategy." These controversies are but outward expressions of the real imperialist contradiction that lies far deeper than any dispute over the financing or operation of a railway in Manchuria.

In the work of Professor Moulton and Mr. Crocker we get that economic and social background which is necessary to a more complete understanding of Dr. Young's splendid survey. Professor Moulton regales us with innumerable statistics concerning Japanese economics and finance, a goodly proportion of which are presented here in print for the first time. His book is without question the best reference work of its kind at present available. It is especially valuable for the analysis of Japan's international debt and investment position (which will largely control the lengths to which Japan can go in enforcing its policy in Manchuria) and for the numerous statistical tables contained in its two appendixes. After a most unfortunate opening chapter in which he absurdly attempts to play the role of political prophet, Mr. Crocker discusses clearly and convincingly the pressure of overpopulation upon Japan's food supply, industry, foreign trade, and social relationships. He sees in the overpopulation of a country with as meager economic resources as has Japan the danger of a social explosion should there be no effective relief by way of steady emigration during the next several decades. His work has also an excellent bibliography on the general subject of Japan.

At first glance it would appear that Dr. McCordock's book has little to do with the Japanese problem. But it must not be forgotten that Japan, besides having aspirations of its own, has inherited the British imperialist policy in the northern Pacific area. When England allied itself with Japan in 1902 it confessed that it was unable to check Russian aggression without assistance. Twenty years later, at the Washington conference, the British formally surrendered their imperialist policy in the northern area to the Japanese. Thus Japan in a large sense is carrying forward much of the British policy discussed here by Dr. McCordock.

It is relatively simple to explain Japanese imperialism. It is based in minor part upon the comparative scarcity of home-grown foodstuffs which are needed to keep an already large Japanese population from starvation—Japan proper, with an area approximating that of West Virginia, and with a good deal of that area untillable mountain land, has a population of more than 64,000,000. But in greater measure Japanese imperialism finds its motivating force in a lack of domestic mineral resources, particularly iron ore. Without an adequate supply of iron and fuel, or without free and immediate access to such a supply, Japan can never hope to become or remain that great industrial state of which her leaders have dreamed since 1868, and to which position she must attain (she has not yet reached the goal) if she would have the capitalist states of the West regard her as one of themselves. Hence she has set out upon the high road of exploitation and colonization that Karl Marx called the "brute-force" route to capitalist accumulation. Marx pointed out that Spain, Portugal, Holland, France, and England all employed "the power of the state, the concentrated and organized force of society, to hasten, hothouse fashion, the process

of transformation of the feudal mode of production into the capitalist mode, and to shorten the transition." But if this was true of the earlier imperialist Powers, it has been more especially true of Japan, as its history in the last sixty-three years so pointedly shows.

Unlike the United States, where colonial exploitation has been left to private initiative, although with the full understanding that the exploiters would have the support of the government whenever necessary, but very much like France, a country that closely resembles Japan in its intensely nationalistic outlook, Japan has exercised virtually complete governmental control over colonial exploitation and investments abroad. Private greed has not been without its influence on this policy, of course, as Dr. Moulton suggests on pages 304 and 305 of his book. But on the whole individual entrepreneurs and investors have had to subordinate their own ends to the larger goal of the state. Particularly with regard to minerals has this been the case. In "World Minerals and World Politics," C. K. Leith declared that the "Japanese government keenly realizes its lack of raw materials, and the acquirement of minerals is one of the cardinal features of its foreign policy." The government is very active in the development of the domestic iron-and-steel industry. It is directly associated in the exploitation of the mineral resources of Japan proper, certain sections of China, Formosa, and Sakhalin Island. It owns and controls the South Manchuria Railway, and by virtue of the collateral privileges attaching to the original Russo-Chinese railway agreement it controls the coal and oil deposits in the Fuchun district and the iron ore in the Anshan district of Manchuria. Thus it may readily be seen what emphasis the government places upon iron ore and fuel as essential factors in Japan's imperialistic development. It is unfortunate for the political and territorial integrity of China that Japan has had to go to Manchuria for so much of its iron and fuel. The present controversy in Manchuria, though ostensibly a dispute over railway rights and political treaties, is actually a consequence of that compelling economic necessity.

There is still another angle of Japanese imperialism that needs careful exploration. No writer has yet attempted the task of inquiring into the purely military aspects of Japanese policy in such a way as to make the program of the militarists really intelligible. In speaking before the Council on Foreign Relations last winter, Secretary Stimson sought to excuse American activity in Central America and the Caribbean area partly on the ground that the present position of the United States in that region must be maintained in the interest of national security. The same excuse can be advanced with regard to Japan's position on the Asiatic mainland. The military problems here involved are tremendous; all of Northern Asia as far west as Lake Baikal is level and open; this section offers no natural defenses whatever for Japan or for Japanese holdings in Korea and Manchuria; it would be but logical, from the standpoint of the Japanese nationalists, to desire to have this stretch of territory brought under Japanese control. A military program with this in view must exist. There was a hint of it in various public utterances of the later Premier Tanaka, and again in the infamous Twenty-one Demands. There was more than a hint of it in Japanese activities in Siberia during the Allied intervention of 1918-20. The Japanese poured 72,000 troops into Siberia; they spent more than \$450,000,000 on this adventure; their forces reached all the way from Vladivostok to Lake Baikal—but their aggressive interest stopped short of the mountains in the vicinity of Lake Baikal. Beyond these mountains, beyond this natural defense, they did not care to look. Let someone inquire into this question and we may learn that there is something more than economic pressure behind Japan's *Drang nach Westen*.

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

False Start

American Writers on American Literature. Edited by John Macy. Horace Liveright. \$5.

MR. MACY has collected thirty-seven essays on American literature. That is all the book is—a collection of essays. Though "all the more important figures in American letters are treated," the book presents neither a comprehensive account nor a consistent interpretation of American literature. Mr. Macy has merely brought together "a diversified group of collaborators" and "left them free to treat their subjects in their own ways."

As is inevitable in such a collection, the essays are uneven, some good and some bad, some fresh and some familiar, some objective and some personal. Most of them are fairly good, but Louis Bromfield's Hawthorne, Llewellyn Jones's Contemporary Fiction, and one or two others are downright bad. Most of them are reasonably fresh, but a few of them, like Raymond Weaver's Melville and Louis Untermeyer's Contemporary Poetry, merely rehearse facts and opinions that their authors have published elsewhere. Most of the writers are objective, but Hamlin Garland delivers a lecture on the state of literary morals, William Allen White makes a plea for the writers of the eighties, and James Oppenheim airs his rather bizarre views of psychology. If one were to announce an honor roll, it would certainly include Rupert Hughes's essay on the Revolutionary writers, Alfred Stanford's Cooper, Robert Morss Lovett's Lowell, Robert Herrick's Henry James, and George F. Whicher's Poetry After the Civil War. But by far the greater number of the contributors are competent or better than competent, though those who discuss the literature of the twentieth century seem less obviously adequate than the majority of the others.

In short, the book is, of its kind, as good as could be expected. What one objects to is the kind. The truth is that we have had enough essays and collections of essays on American literature. What we need is a comprehensive and consistent interpretation of that literature. Parrington has come closer than anyone else to giving us one; but "Main Currents in American Thought" suffers because it is so much more than a history of literature, because the author's literary taste was by no means reliable, and because his liberalism frequently blurred his vision. Nevertheless, Parrington showed the way, making clear the value of finding a point of view and sticking to it. That is why his "Main Currents" is so much more valuable than the "Cambridge History." That is, indeed, why Mr. Macy's own bit of pioneering, his "Spirit of American Literature," has a kind of historical importance that this collection of essays can never have.

On the other hand, it must be admitted that Macy is right when he says in his introduction that no individual can master the entire field of American literature. That is why we must expect to have an increasing number of collective enterprises. But the collective enterprise, whatever its quantitative advantages, cannot surpass, cannot even equal, the individual effort unless it is genuinely collective. If the collaborators have a common point of view, then their product will be not only comprehensive and accurate but also unified and interpretative.

What point of view, someone may ask, would serve? Any point of view, one might answer, and with some truth. But we need not leave the question there. It is to be observed that very few of Mr. Macy's authors manage to write their essays without discussing the American scene. Surely even Mr. Macy, who is distressed because critics of a certain school will not permit him to read about Mark Twain or Walt Whitman without becoming "entangled in economics and philosophy," will

grant that if critics are to discuss American life they ought to know something about it. Many of his contributors seem to know very little indeed. It may be suggested, then, that the desired point of view must permit an understanding of economic and historical processes as well as literary values. Where are we to find such an attitude? One answer to this query, adopted by a gradually increasing number of critics, is based on the doctrines of Marx and his followers. Some day, when the number is large enough, these critics may band together and try the systematic application of their attitude to the field of American literature. Such a venture will demonstrate, I am convinced, just how superficial and unimportant "American Writers on American Literature" really is.

GRANVILLE HICKS

The Greatest French Poet

A Season in Hell: The Life of Arthur Rimbaud. By Jean-Marie Carré. Translated by Hannah and Matthew Josephson. The Macaulay Company. \$3.

SOMEONE for whose opinion I have respect once said to me of Rimbaud, the boy who wrote the bulk of his poetry in his sixteenth year, deserting all literature with horror and disgust at eighteen: "It is not really his poetry which charms you into penning titles like the one above, but rather the circumstances of his extraordinary life." Mr. Josephson, in his excellent preface to this biography, shares, apparently, my friend's sentiment. "Genius of poetry," says he, "though he undoubtedly was, the most beautiful and enigmatic thing of all Rimbaud did was certainly his own life." And again: "His life had a dreadful beauty." The biographer himself agrees with his translator, for he has told and told well the tale of Rimbaud's qualifications for the martyrology of artists, but he has also said remarkably little about Rimbaud's art. Since I myself have written no fewer than five times of Rimbaud's life, I will limit myself here to his poetry.

In other words, the three problems which so constantly agitate Rimbaudians—those of his precise relationship with Verlaine, his desertion of literature, the reality of his deathbed reversion to his childhood's religion—do not, in this brief notice, interest me at all. As regards the first of these one can only say *non probatum*, adding that a boy who deliberately sets out (at fifteen) "to become a seer by a long, immense derangement of all the senses" might well include perversion within that *dérèglement* without this fact being a forty years' wonder for two generations of pious scribes. As regards the second, the poet has explained himself in "Un Saison en Enfer." As regards the third, the last word on the subject was uttered, not by Paterne Berrichon, nor by the present French Ambassador to the United States, but by the old chaplain who attended Arthur in his death agony long ago, when he said to Isabelle Rimbaud: "Your brother has faith, *mon enfant*; what were you telling us just now? He has faith such as I have never beheld before."

As for his work, it has been too much approached from the psychologic, or rather psychopathic, standpoint. It would be interesting, for instance, if some talented scholar like Professor Lowes would do for the boy's reading what Professor Lowes has done for that of Coleridge, showing how little of Rimbaud's poetry is properly comprehensible without reference to what he read before the year 1870. Incidentally the great crisis in modern French history—namely, Sedan and the Commune—coincided with the crisis in Rimbaud's development, with his great year as a lyric poet. Nor was he unaffected by these events; witness the terrible poem beginning:

Société! Tout est rétabli: les orgies
Pleurent leur ancien râle aux anciens lupanars . . .

When all is reestablished after the depression, doubtless we should have our Rimbaud, but we shall not get him. "Shall we dare," as Mr. Josephson writes harmoniously, "to begin at the horizons where he expired?"

In a curious page of literary history, written at sixteen, Rimbaud himself judges his nation from the standpoint of poetic art. "Nothing has existed in poetry," he says with juvenile arrogance, "since the time of the Greeks." (At that time Rimbaud knew nothing of Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, and other English romantics, only hearing of these last when he was feverishly learning English, a year or so later, in the alcoholic company of Verlaine.) Most authors, he continues, are mere egoists, who are authors by profession because authorship gives them the opportunity to employ the first person singular the maximum number of occasions in print. Then follows the famous "seer" passage, the "long, immense derangement of all the senses," etc. "Other horrible workers," he concludes, "will begin at the very horizons in sight of which he expired." Such was Rimbaud's theory of "poetic inspiration."

The results of the theory can be interestingly studied in that chapter of M. Carré's life entitled *The Death of Chimeras*. The results were, on one hand, several examples of the most absolute poetry to be found in any tongue, and on the other "a season in hell," accompanied by such strange associates as alcohol, drugs, vagabondage, possible perversion, and the society of M. Paul Verlaine, all encountered at the critical age of sixteen to seventeen. The result, in a word, was the death, poetically speaking, of the poet. Rimbaud's sin was that heroic and mysterious one, the sin against the Holy Ghost perhaps, of attempting to take heaven by storm. His work during those three years (1870-73) was, according to the expression of Duhamel, "a violent abbreviation of the history of literature; in three years he had passed through the entire literary evolution of modern times." "In his progress toward the impossible," M. Carré concludes, "he touched madness, and suddenly sobering, stopped short." It was high time, and the sequel is that Rimbaud eventually became a commercial agent, and was reconciled with the Catholic church on his deathbed at Marseilles.

It was Rimbaud's aim to realize within himself an absolute and burning unity which should express itself wholly in his art. By 1873 he had already discovered the impossibility of this horrible ideal. "I have said God. I want *liberty in salvation*," he cries poignantly in "A Season in Hell." But we are not, psychologically, a unity, but a whole colony. There is the athletic self, the animal self, the intellectual self, the poetic self, the religious self, and so on. "In the rich counterpoint of life," Mr. Huxley has written, "each separate melody plays its indispensable part. The diapason closes full in the complete *man*." It was Rimbaud's tragedy that, great seer though he was, he never quite seemed to understand this desirable polytheism, or polyphony if you will, of the human being. No, one of his selves must be prepared for the profession of letters by a long, deliberate "derangement," and the other selves must be lopped and mutilated in the process. Because, when he had hardly traversed the crisis of puberty, he was exposed to a prolonged hang-over, made up of narcotics, alcohol, and Verlaine, he must abandon literature, beauty, and love. Because there was in him both a pagan and a Christian (and heaven knows how many other things also), the Christian must not gain the mastery until the bitter end. Obviously this boy was a truly tormented being as well as a very great poet. It might have been better for him (though not for the *surréaliste* sect) if he had never seen Paris. There is an early poem, written at fifteen, the first lines of which I am quoting in conclusion:

Par les soirs bleus d'été, j'irai dans les sentiers,
Picoté par les blés, fouler l'herbe menue;
Rêveur, j'en sentirai la fraîcheur à mes pieds,
Je laisserai le vent baigner ma tête nue.

Among the many selves in Rimbaud there was one to which in his fashion he was true, the nature that bore him. Again Mr. Huxley has put it better than anyone else in one of his philosophic essays: "I like the moist, still, earthy perfume of the flowers on the growing plant that has its roots deep burrowing and darkly living in the soil!"

CUTHBERT WRIGHT

Forty Farmers

Men of Earth. By Russell Lord. Longmans, Green and Company. \$3.

MR. LORD relates that the United States Department of Agriculture once sent its best photographer out over the country with instructions to bring in pictures of real farmers—all kinds, caught in representative poses. He does not add, as he might, that the department should have sent him also, with instructions to bring in literary likenesses which could serve as accompanying texts. For all one knows, that is the destiny reserved for the chapters in this admirable book. Mr. Lord, who went at the command of a magazine to study forty farmers on their farms, came back with sketches which certainly make their originals clear, which certainly make them interesting, and which in themselves are literature of a valuable kind. The American farmer has been much written about in his time, but seldom has he been studied to better effect than he is here, or by a better writer.

Mr. Lord, himself brought up in the country, was educated in agriculture and has spent his whole adult life thinking and writing about the contemporary American farmer. So of necessity he is much interested in a certain transitional aspect which this person now presents. He is interested, that is to say, in the tendency, or the fate, of the farmer to become an industrialist. Many of his pages are devoted in consequence to corporate farming, to large-scale machine methods, and to individuals in the Middle or Far West who see a future which shall be nothing at all like the past. He records, for instance, the opinion of M. L. Wilson, Montana prophet of the new wholesale day, that there will come a time when "the fellow who's simply farming to have a home in the country can't stand the pace." He listens to H. P. Miller, Ohio corporate farmer, saying to his neighbors: "We'll come and farm your fields for you. We'll crop for you in the same way that threshermen have always come in and threshed for you. Plant, cultivate, harvest—the whole business." And he keeps everywhere in the foreground the picture of an America which before long may be as organized and mechanized between its cities as it is within them.

But that is not his whole story, nor is it, one can imagine, the part of it which really interests him most. Without any sentimentality of the sort that wishes to recall the century of Currier and Ives, Mr. Lord is still possessed of a great affection for the kind of farm which supports a family, affords an absorbing existence for all of its members, creates in them a definite character, and in short provides what nothing else in modern America provides—a home. He has respect for the special wisdom which a good farmer must have. "I," he says, "am the sort of man whose mind stops at his collar. A good farmer must be smart all over." When he comes to enumerate the blessings of country life he does not bother about fresh air and the smell of the soil. Those are the things city people talk about. Mr. Lord speaks rather of the pride which a man may take in "(1) owning land and a home; (2) owning and driving a car; (3) running his own business; (4) knowing everybody for miles around, and being known to them." And in the course of his journeyings among individual farmers, from Massachusetts and Maryland to any number of points west, no one has

touched him more than Eugene Elkins of Kansas, whose government photograph, by the way, stands on an opposite page.

He is a powerful, rugged man. He has done in his lifetime an immense amount of hard work. His hands are thick, heavy; the fingers, blunt. Yet when he parts the leaves to show you his best fruit, those hands move deftly, and there is something about them, too, which suggests a devout person handling the Bible. "If you don't like farming," he says cheerfully, "there's nothing to it. I always did like to take care of things around a farm. My boy and I ship a load of cattle a year, as a rule, and two carlots of hogs. But my main pleasure always has been in my lawn and house and garden, and in raising a hundred 'n one different little things, just to see what a fellow can do." He led me to a loft room in one of the barns, where he was assembling his exhibit for the coming county fair. One year he showed eighty-three distinct varieties of plants, all raised on the place. He carries the key to that private shop and exhibit room in his own pocket, and leads you there with the delight of a boy.

Mr. Lord, in other words, is old-fashioned enough to be interested less in the economics of agriculture than in its ethics. But it is probably not a matter of fashion with him so much as it is a matter of art. For Mr. Lord, I suspect, is a novelist without knowing it. It is the individuals here—on an island in Lake Michigan, in St. Mary's County, Maryland, on an Indian reservation in New York State, in Ohio, in Illinois, in Indiana—that count and that one will remember. Mr. Lord has sketched many of these individuals with master-strokes. All true, and all different, they make a brilliant book; and remind us how interesting a place the United States still actually is.

MARK VAN DOREN

Sargent's Blue Boy

Life Was Worth Living. By W. Graham Robertson. Harper and Brothers. \$5.

IN one sense the surviving Victorians are more alive today than they ever were. They are busily writing memoirs and biographies. The past year has unearthed William Rothenstein, Arthur Symonds, Evan Charteris, Frank Harris, and now W. Graham Robertson, who stood for Sargent's masterpiece, a portrait that in all likelihood will go down in history as a companion to Gainsborough's Blue Boy.

Sargent's Titian-haired model, a Diana of young men, lives up to whatever may be expected from him—and more. Superficially he is a garrulous ghost of the yellow and lavender nineties, an illustrator and stage-costume designer who has long outlived his reputation. But anyone who takes him for a chattering fool is very much mistaken. He assumes his cap and bells with deliberate art, an art that he mastered as a boy sitting at the feet of Burne-Jones, Henry James, Sarah Bernhardt, Henry Irving, John Sargent, Ellen Terry, James Whistler. Even now, he takes the advantage gained by his physical beauty; the innocent soprano voice is heard and the mild eyes are wide with artfully simulated naivete.

His sketches of Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Sarah Bernhardt, John Sargent, and Henry James are priceless. He recreates the divine Sarah quite as she must have been—a marvelous girl whose energy swept away all opposition. Good actress or bad (what does it matter?) it was enough to hear the curiously artificial voice, to see the Bernhardt symbol of immortal youth, her favorite role, a sixteen-year-old girl decomposing in a coffin. It becomes evident that the secret of her art lay in a play of her own making. The extremes of life and death were compressed into a single image; whatever part she acted, or pretended to act, was made to fit the picture, a melodrama in

itself, the perfect expression of her time, significant as a paradox recited by Oscar Wilde.

Graham Robertson has nothing but praise for Henry Irving, lavish praise of the sort that convinces one that Irving was the father of Shakespearean ham acting. Irving as King Lear, spitting on his hands before lifting the body of a murdered girl, is a remarkable portrait. Irving would have none of his contemporaries; they were disgusting. But "Macbeth isn't disgusting," he said. "I don't believe the public wants disgusting things."

The story of the Sargent masterpiece fully discloses Graham Robertson's value as a raconteur. Sargent asked him why he had never painted himself, and Robertson replied gravely, "Because I am not my style." Sargent did not see the joke until three days afterward at a dinner party. Robertson still protests, modestly, that the epigram was unconscious. Perhaps he would like to have us take his entire book as a piece of unconscious writing and completely sublimated wit. The attitude, however, drops from his shoulders upon the very last page. We see him an old man in the country taking excellent care of his pet dogs. He hopes that he has told nothing that will offend the dead, that he has been discreet. Then, with the now familiar, innocent smile, he says: "A really interesting book could be compiled from my omissions and I think I could promise that it would prove a best-seller. . . . I know I can promise that it will never be written."

HORACE GREGORY

Science and Soviet Russia

Science at the Cross Roads. London: Kniga.

THIS book is a collection of papers presented by the delegation of Soviet scientists to the Second International Congress of the History of Science and Technology, held in London last summer. It is built around a double theme, is both a plea for rational planning and for a thorough scientific organization of social life, and an advocacy of a socialistic reconstruction of science itself.

Arguments in favor of rational planning may not strike American readers as startling or even as novel. They are, however, timely enough as an answer to those who clamor for "slackening the jazz band of industry," as well as to those who come forward with schemes for an organized and rationalized capitalism. To the advocates of machine-wrecking the authors rightly point out that our troubles lie not in machine industry and mass production but in the archaic property relationships behind our industrial system. The two articles by M. Rubinstein on Science and Technology and on Electrification are especially interesting as showing clearly the folly of those of us who cherish the naive belief that scientific organization of industry is compatible with capitalism. Like everything else, the application of science is subordinated in our societies to the motive of profit. And those who are responsible for the management or rather mismanagement of our economic life have at their disposal a thousand and one ways by which they can sterilize the work of science the moment it comes into conflict with this supreme motive. "Buying out patents, supporting obsolete plants, fixing cartel prices according to the manufacturing cost of the worst plants, secrecy in scientific research, fear of innovations that threaten depreciation of old capital stock"—these items of Professor Rubinstein's indictment are too familiar to be in need of special comment.

The center of gravity of the book, however, lies in the second theme. Most of the articles are concerned with showing that science itself is badly in need of redemption and that communism is the new Messiah. We should certainly have no reason to quarrel with the authors if what they meant by a recon-

struction of science were the necessity of coordinating the application and teaching of science with industrial requirements and making them a deliberately planned, publicly controlled collective enterprise energized with cultural meaning and social-mindedness. This the authors largely have in mind. And the present volume offers highly valuable illustrations of how the gulf is being spanned in Russia between brain and hand workers, how closely the school and laboratory are being brought together with the factory and farm, how intimately theory and practice are being fused.

But the ambition of the authors, which is representative of the aspirations of Soviet intellectuals in general, goes much farther than that of securing a more intimate union between industry and science. Aiming at rewriting the entire European cultural inheritance, they try to carry the work of reconstruction into the heart of scientific theories. For, as one of the authors, B. Zavadovsky, says, "scientific theories express not only the actual level of knowledge attained by science but also the ideological justification of economic interests of warring groups and classes." Not only economics but also sciences like mathematics and physics are thus marked by the stamp of capitalistic degradation. All Western sciences are afflicted with incurable antinomies and crises reflecting the disintegration of capitalism in general. It is only communism that can rescue science from the morass of mysticism and spiritualism into which it has been sinking of late.

Soviet writers are notoriously prone to exaggerate the troubles of other people. The tale of Western science is not so woeful as our authors would have us believe. The private mystical vagaries of the Eddingtons and Jeanses have no more interfered with their practical scientific work than Newton's interest in the apocalypses obscured his judgment in his studies in optics. Nor have they influenced students to give up science for theology. The fact is that the enrolment of students for scientific courses has been growing tremendously everywhere. In the United States, the citadel of capitalism, it is the anti-vitalists that are doing a most thriving business in biology. To believe our authors, most Western physicists are drifting away from determinism. Even if this were true, it would not prove much; it might signify merely a repudiation of dogmatism.

That there is something the matter with Western science is not a Soviet invention. The breakdown of traditional categories in physics and the vicious circle in which mathematics seems to have become involved have led many scientists to speak of an actual crisis in science. But one wonders how communism can be a remedy for logical evils. The release of pent-up energies, an increase of leisure, an enthusiasm methodically stimulated by all social agencies may lead in Russia to a great expansion of science and thus indirectly to a solution of many of its difficulties. Of course the opposite may also happen. The refinement of analysis and a wider interest may bring to light difficulties that were not obvious to cruder methods of research, may, in other words, create a situation analogous to the one confronting us at present. In any case the citizens of Soviet Russia will solve our problems as scientists and not as Communists.

It is true that our authors claim to possess a master-key for unlocking all mysteries. We are assured in all seriousness that all our scientific troubles will be over as soon as the scientists adopt the philosophy of dialectic materialism. The recommendation to cure scientific difficulties by means of metaphysics certainly sounds queer on the lips of thinkers priding themselves upon being 100 per cent scientific. For dialectic materialism is essentially a metaphysical doctrine. Modeled upon the Hegelian dialectic, it infuses into history and nature the dynamism and advance through contradiction which characterized the development of logical thought for Hegel. By means of a Hegelian legerdemain the dialectic materialists believe that they

can transform wishes into facts and overcome the antagonisms between determinism and chance, between continuity and discreteness, between the finite and the infinite, which prevail in contemporary science. In accordance with the magic formula of the unity of opposites these antagonistic categories are simply declared to be complementary. It is needless to say that we cannot solve difficulties by naming them.

The value of the present volume lies above all in the light it sheds on the new style of ideas that is at present fashionable in Soviet Russia. The repudiation of the policy of watchful waiting and spontaneity, the glorification of conscious planning and guidance from above, the shift of allegiance from speculation and theories to thinking inspired and guided by practice—all this is a manifest tribute to the ascendancy gained by Stalinism in contemporary Russian thought.

JEROME ROSENTHAL

Books in Brief

Sergei Koussevitzky and His Epoch. By Arthur Lourié. Translated from the Russian by S. W. Pring. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.50.

If the padding were removed from this book, the residue would be an inadequate biographical sketch. The author presents his observations on the "epoch" and his opinions about various composers to the detriment of his subject. He justifies these divagations by pleading that there are no tragic shades in Koussevitzky's life. "Fate has always been kind to him; from the very beginning of his artistic career everything has gone smoothly and happily. . . . Confronted with this, one hardly knows which way to turn. One writes a biography and suddenly perceives that there is essentially no biography." On the contrary, the materials for an interesting "life" are ready to hand. The kindness of fate has smothered in many a man the possibilities of development. In Koussevitzky artistic sensitiveness, dynamic personality, and unflagging energy carried him from an obscure provincial town to the heights of his profession. Abundant drama lies in the story of the boy who arrived in Moscow penniless at the age of fourteen, mastered the most unwieldy of the fiddle family so rapidly that at eighteen he was first double-bass in the Imperial Theater orchestra, and at twenty-four won European recognition as one of the three greatest double-bass virtuosi of musical history. When he could have retired with fame and fortune, he made a fresh start as a conductor. Fate has indeed been kind to a man who has shown no fear of fate.

Return I Dare Not. By Margaret Kennedy. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

This is amiable, smart writing about a house party in English high society at which the *pièce de résistance* is a young and incredibly successful playwright. A dowager duchess who has seen life but is now too old for it, her dashing and irresponsible daughter, an extremely beautiful and excessively stupid young married woman, a famous courtesan who is also an earl's daughter, a demure but bright young miss, a famous scientist, a literary pander, and a professional gossip are the other guests. The tale of the playwright's revolt from this artificial fame and these trivial, dashing people makes the novel. The tone is breezy and amusing; an air of sophistication is preserved, with at the same time a cynical awareness of how empty the sophistication is. But the whole thing is unimportant just because the people are trivial and their lives empty. In spite of the fact that she does not always do them justice, Miss Kennedy should stick to her artists. Her Sangers at least had blood in them.

Tune In, America: A Study of Our Coming Musical Independence. By Daniel Gregory Mason. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.

Dr. Mason both practices and preaches the doctrine of our musical autonomy. His own compositions constitute as cogent an argument as any he advances in the fourteen articles here assembled from the periodicals in which they first appeared. Independence in act and thought is the theme underlying all these topical papers. "As our American impatience too often defeats us in the achievement of workmanship, so our long habit of feeling inferior to Europe sorely impedes our originality." In place of third-rate imitators of Schönberg and Stravinsky he would have us produce more MacDowells. He reproaches Arturo Toscanini and sundry imported conductors for their neglect of American composers. Taking inventory of the radio repertoire, he finds it overstocked with jazz, and advises the directors to emulate the procedure of the British Broadcasting Corporation. His book is a study not so much of a future condition as of current symptoms.

Drama

Westchester and Washington

SENTIMENT and farce do not usually form a very happy combination. It is hard enough for the outsider to take a lover's pain with appropriate seriousness even under the most favorable conditions, and if he has been encouraged into a laughing mood he is very likely to laugh at the wrong situation. However, Mr. Will Cotton has managed pretty successfully to avoid the pitfalls of his method, and in "The Bride the Sun Shines On" (Fulton Theater) he has turned out the materials for an amusing evening. Add the delightful comic gift of Miss Dorothy Gish and you have a gay little diversion which ought to keep anyone in a good humor without imposing any undue strain upon the higher faculties.

Henry Hull plays the Benedict to Miss Gish's Beatrice. He is a spoiled young composer who carries on a running quarrel with his true love all through the preparations for her marriage to a very dull youth, and who, after declaring that he would not marry her if she were the last girl in Westchester, proposes just as the wedding procession starts for the altar. Then the bride-to-be, in a delightfully unexpected gesture, gives him one swift blow over the head with the three Easter lilies which form her bridal bouquet and exits solemnly in the general direction of the waiting minister. It is hardly necessary to add that the two of them elope before the unfortunate marriage is actually consummated, but it is worth while to pay a tribute to Miss Gish's comic verve, which contributes the touch of distinction necessary to raise the whole thing above the level of pleasant routine. She plays with a certain droll ruefulness which is irresistibly taking, and yet, admirable as her performance is, I believe it less good than one she will be able to give when she has had a longer training in the methods of the stage. At present her performance is a series of brilliant flashes. She rises to each crucial scene with dependable regularity, and in each of them she makes an actual, creative contribution to the humor of the situation. But in the moments between she sometimes seems almost insignificant, and she has a way of appearing to come suddenly to life when something definite is expected of her. For an explanation one turns naturally to the fragmentary technique of the movies in which she got her first training, and one is encouraged in this perhaps too easy theory by a certain delicate play of facial expression which seems almost to demand a close-up to do it justice. In any event,

☐ PLAYS ☐ FILMS ☐ DANCE ☐ LECTURES ☐ DEBATES ☐

GILBERT and SULLIVAN'S
CIVIC LIGHT OPERA CO. in
IOLANTHE
WITH FAMOUS GILBERTIAN CAST
THEA., W. 44th St. Phone. PEnn 6-7963
Nights, 50c to \$2.50 Wed. Mat. 50c to \$1.50. Sat. Mat. 50c to \$2.00
MONDAY, JANUARY 11th—"THE GONDOLIERS"

The Theatre Guild Presents
EUGENE O'NEILL'S TRILOGY
MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA

Composed of 3 plays
Homecoming, The Hunted, The Haunted
All 3 plays will be presented on one day, commencing at 5:30 sharp. Dinner intermission of one hour at 7 o'clock. No matinee performances.
GUILD THEATRE, 52d St., West of Broadway

THE THEATRE GUILD PRESENTS
REUNION IN VIENNA

A comedy by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD
MARTIN BECK THEA., 45 St. & 8 Ave. PENN. 6-6100
Evs. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

ARCH SELWYN presents
THE DEVIL PASSES A NEW PLAY BY BENN W. LEVY
with ARTHUR BYRON, BASIL RATHBONE, ROBERT LORAIN, MARY NASH, DIANA WYNARD, CECILIA LOFTFUS, ERNEST THESIGER, ERNEST COSSART.
SELWYN THEA., W. 42nd St. Eves. 8:30 | Prices Eves. \$1 to \$3
Mats.: Thurs. and Sat. | Mats. \$1 to \$2.50

GILBERT MILLER Presents
HELEN HAYES
in MOLNAR'S New Comedy
THE GOOD FAIRY

HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE, 124 West 43rd Street
Evenings 8:50 Matinees Thursday and Saturday 2:40

"First American play of the season of any sound quality; a play real in its character, real in its dialogue and consistently intelligent in its approach to its subject matter."—George Jean Nathan, Judge.

THE LEFT BANK
By ELMER RICE

LITTLE THEATRE, 44th Street Telephone LA 4-6620
Eves. \$1 to \$3. Wed. Mat. \$1, \$1.50 and \$2. Sat. Mat. \$1 - \$2.50

A Clearing House of Opinion **THE GROUP** Meets at Auditorium 150 West 85th St.
Tuesday, January 12th, at 8:30 p.m.

DEBATE: "HAS RELIGION CONTRIBUTED TO THE PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION"

RABBI S. GREENBERG, affirm., MAJOR JOSEPH WHELESS, neg.
PROF. WILLIAM MACDONALD, Guest Chairman
Weekly notices on request Subscription: 50c

DEBATE

RESOLVED: THAT THE SOCIALIST PARTY PROGRAM IS INADEQUATE TO SOLVE OUR SOCIAL PROBLEMS

LOUIS WALDMAN vs. A. J. MUSTE
Sunday, January 10th, 8:30 p.m.

BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC
30 Lafayette Avenue

Tickets: 25c-50c-\$1—At Box Office and Rand Book Store, 7 E. 15th St., N.Y.C.
Jan. 17—Lecture—Harry A. Overstreet

AUSPICES—BROOKLYN FORUM—SOCIALIST PARTY

LABOR TEMPLE SCHOOL—2nd Ave. and 14th Street

DIRECTOR, DR. G. F. BECK
(New Session opens Monday, Jan. 4th)

THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION
Beginning Wednesday, Jan. 6, at 8:30 p.m.
"Studies in Roman Civilization"

STUDIES IN CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE

Beginning Sunday, Jan. 10, at 5 p.m.
"The Magic Mountain" by THOMAS MANN

THE AMERICAN SCENE BY LEON SAMSON

Beginning Tuesday, Jan. 5, at 8:30 p.m.
and other courses.

Admission to each Lecture - - - 25 CENTS



REUNION IN NEW YORK

Green Mansions'
DANCE

GREEN MANSIONS Friday, January 15, 1932

35 WEST 90TH ST.
Schuyler 4-3250

HOTEL ST. GEORGE
51 Clark Street
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Admission \$1.50 - - - Informal

☐ WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT ☐

PLAYS TO SEE

Brief Moment—Belasco—W. 44 St.
Civic Light Opera Co.—Erlanger's—W. 44 St.
Cornelia Otis Skinner—Lyceum—W. 45 St.
Counsellor-at-Law—Plymouth—W. 45 St.
Cynara—Morosco—45 St. W. of B'way.
Fata Morgana—Royale—45 St. W. of B'way.
Hay Fever—Avon—W. 45 St.
Mourning Becomes Electra—Guild—52 St. W. of B'way.
Of Thee I Sing—Music Box—W. 45 St.
Reunion in Vienna—Martin Beck—45 St. & 8 Ave.
Sing High, Sing Low—Sam H. Harris—42 St. W. of B'way.
Springtime for Henry—Bijou—45 St. W. of B'way.
The Barretts of Wimpole Street—Empire—B'way. & 40 St.
The Band Wagon—New Amsterdam—W. 42 St.
The Bride The Sun Shines On—Fulton—46 St. W. of B'way.
The Cat and The Fiddle—Globe—B'way & 46 St.
The Devil Passes—Selwyn—W. 42 St.
The Good Fairy—Henry Miller's—124 W. 43 St.
The Left Bank—Little—44 St.
Wolves—49 St.

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation

LABOR NEWS

"In the Raw"

During this winter of discontent when the suffering of the workers is to be the greatest in American history, you will want to get your facts straight from original sources without "the editorial slant."

Federated Press, labor's only daily news service, offers you either a daily news service from bureaus in Washington and New York plus less frequent service from Pittsburgh and Chicago, at \$5 a month; or

A weekly news service including usually the most important release weekly from each of FP's four bureaus, at \$10 a year. Both payable in advance.

Federated Press is non-partisan, has 100 correspondents watching the hot spots, gets the news too hot to print—and no editor can keep it from you if you take this service. We suggest that clubs, groups, classes and libraries take the service. Republication is expressly forbidden.

FEDERATED PRESS

112 E. 19th STREET
NEW YORK CITY

Oswald Garrison Villard

writes

If I Were Dictator

in

The Nation

Next Week

Miss Gish is as richly endowed with comic talent as any actress now appearing on our stage.

"Of Thee I Sing" (Music Box Theater) is the long-awaited musical satire by the Messrs. Kaufman, Ryskind, and Gershwin. Already a success before the first New York performance, the piece lives up to the expectations which were formed, and it is funny from the moment the curtain goes up on the election parade until it descends upon the caperings of the Supreme Court judges who have been called in to pronounce upon the sex of the White House baby. For the inevitable comparison with Gilbert there is a certain justification. Some of the rhymes are faintly Gilbertian, and so too is the trick of having groups of solemn men break suddenly into a jig. But there is something savage about the extravagance which suggests even more strongly the mood which has made "Ballyhoo" and its imitators phenomenally popular. Kaufman and Ryskind are dealing bludgeon-like blows because there is an anger in the air which makes them seem justified, and the audience roars its approval of slogans like "Vote for Prosperity and See What You Get" in a fashion which suggests that its rage might be ominous if it were not, for the moment, released through laughter.

Doubtless some of the quips are harmless enough. There is nothing really subversive in the conception of the ex-hermit who is selected as the most suitable candidate for vice-president and who stubbornly refuses to concede his own election until the last moment. Neither, perhaps, is there anything dangerous in the resonant Senators. But it is doubtful if there has ever been a time before when the general public would have found pleasing so raucously contemptuous a treatment of the whole spectacle of our government from the President on up (or down) to the Supreme Court itself. John P. Wintergreen ("The Flavor Lasts") is triumphantly elected on a platform of "Love," after a stirring campaign in the course of which he has publicly proposed and been accepted in each of the forty-eight States. A wave of sentiment makes the electorate forget the mistake which his party had made when it sold Rhode Island, but it is annoyed when it learns that he has jilted the Miss White House duly elected at an Atlantic City beauty parade, and international complications threaten when the French Ambassador discovers that

She's the illegitimate daughter
Of an illegitimate son
Of an illegitimate nephew
Of Nap-o-le-on.

Impeachment proceedings are in progress when the lawful wife bursts into the Senate, announces that she is about to become a mother, and thus causes the august body (aware of the fact that it has never impeached an expectant father) to quash the charges, and to break into a triumphal chorus which proclaims that "posterity is just around the corner." "Of Thee I Sing" will assuredly last the season out, but there is at least one prominent out-of-town resident who will never come to see it.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

In "Sentinels" (Biltmore Theater) Lula Vollmer, who will be remembered for her excellent "Sun Up," has written another play set in the South, but not one that will add to her reputation. It is the story of the scion of an aristocratic Southern family who kills a blackguardly politician to prevent him from exposing the past of his brother's fiancée, and of the old Negro servant who persuades her own son to take the blame for the murder to save "the honor of the Hathaways." The story would be a hard one to swallow in any case, and it is set forth with stock characters and stock situations. Its redeeming quality is a certain technical deftness.

H. H.

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation